

Walter Besant's New Serial, entitled "DOROTHY FORSTER," illustrated by Charles Greene, will commence in the next Number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

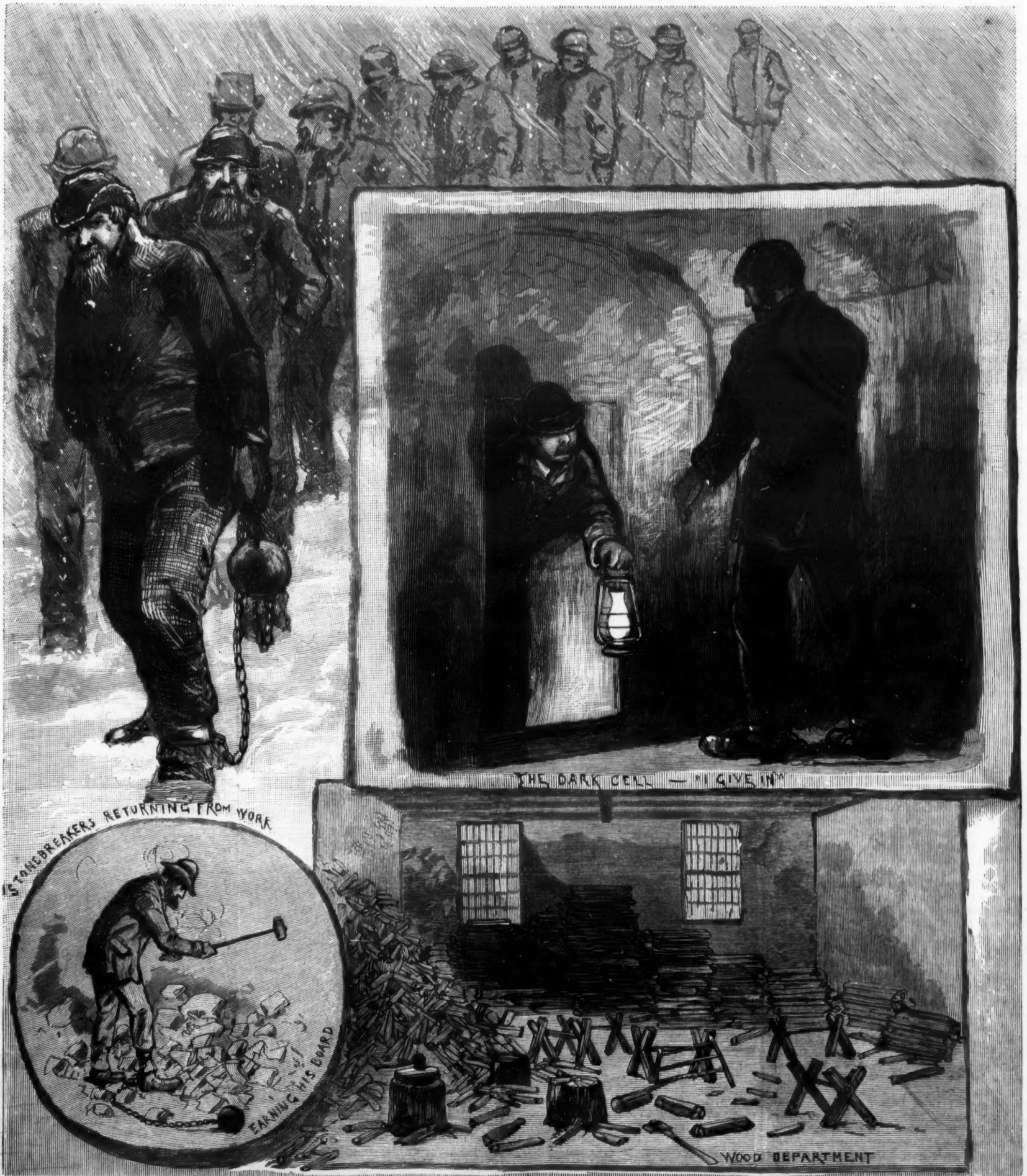
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW JERSEY.—HOW TO MANAGE TRAMPS.—ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE METHODS PURSUED AT TRENTON.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 311.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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NEW YORK, JANUARY 5, 1884.

A NEW SERIAL,
BY
WALTER BESANT.

It gives us great satisfaction to announce that we will shortly commence the publication, in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, of a new serial story, by WALTER BESANT, the distinguished English novelist, entitled,

"DOROTHY FORSTER."

This story, of which we have secured the exclusive publication in this country, has its scene in the North Country of England, and abounds in graphic pictures of the life, the beliefs, the superstitions and the strange customs of the Northumbrians, while the heroine is invested with an interest and charm which holds the closest attention of the reader. Mr. Besant has never written a story more thoroughly artistic than this, and we are confident that it will rank in popular estimation with "All in Garden Fair," "The Captain's Room," and "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." The first installment of "Dorothy Forster" will be published in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, issued for the week ending January 12th. Each installment will be accompanied by an illustration by the well-known English artist, Mr. Charles Green. Persons who desire to secure the story complete, which will run for about six months, should send in their subscriptions at once.

HOW SHOULD THE TARIFF BE
MODIFIED?

THAT taxation should be reduced to prevent the further accumulation of surplus revenue, all authorities are agreed. From eighty-five to a hundred millions of dollars per annum should not be taken from the pockets of the taxpayers to be hoarded without a purpose and held as unproductive capital where it will do the most harm and least good. How shall Congress go about reducing taxation? What shall be the system or plan of reduction?

First, we say, let the import taxes or duties be removed or materially reduced on the necessities of life. The food, the shelter and the clothing of the poor should not be taxed. This class can, at best, barely subsist. They cannot feed and clothe their families and themselves and pay burdensome Government exactions. How the necessities of the most destitute class have their cost increased by taxation, let us now specifically show. Under the new tariff, wool is taxed 20 per centum *ad valorem*, and coal, 75 cents per ton, both high rates of duty which should be altogether removed. Lucifer or friction matches of all kinds pay 35 per centum, a tax which increases the cost of this necessary article to just the amount of the duty. The cheapest grade of blankets is taxed 10 cents per pound and 35 per centum *ad valorem*; the next grade, 12 and 35, and the next 18 cents a pound and 35 per centum, a duty so enormous as to amount to a practical prohibition of the importation of woolen blankets. The common window-glass in a laboring man's tenement is taxed 1½ cents per pound; the shingles that shelter him, 35 cents per 1,000; and the sawed boards that protect him from the cold, \$1 per 1,000 feet. Salt in bags, sacks and barrels, under the present tariff, is taxed 12 cents per hundred pounds. Lard, hams and bacon are charged 2 cents, and butter and cheese, 4 cents, per pound. There is a duty of 15 cents a bushel on potatoes and 10 cents a bushel on corn and corn meal. All these rates are high and should be reduced or removed. And cleaned rice, perhaps the wholesomest of the cheaper articles of food, is placed almost beyond the workingman's reach by the high specific duty of 2½ cents per pound. Here is a case where every poor man in the United States is taxed to benefit a few thousand planters or producers of domestic rice.

Whatever, therefore, is most necessary to make comfortable the laborer's life should be made cheaper by removing from it, and hence from him, the burdens of taxation.

The next step in the direction of true tariff reform is to remove or reduce the duties now imposed on raw materials. If the cost of the raw products that enter into the manufacture of whatever we make in this country is diminished, just so much will the cost of the article manufactured be lessened, and consequently its consumption increased. Increased consumption involves enlarged manufactories with increasing numbers of mechanical laborers. This is the kind of legitimate and healthy protection that is to be favored because it affords increased employment to American labor still more than to American capital, and gives the skilled mechanic paying employment at home. Under this rule of reduction, undressed and dressed flax should no longer be taxed \$20 and \$40 per ton; hemp and manilla, \$25 per ton; carded or combed silk, 50 cents per pound; or dried pulp for paper-makers' use, 10 per centum *ad valorem*. The article of wool

should, perhaps, be excepted from this rule because so large a portion of our citizens are interested in its production, and because of the exceptionally large quantity of this staple produced.

When our law-makers are wise enough and unselfish enough to amend the tariff in the two ways we have outlined, they will have proceeded as far in the direction of tariff revision as existing conditions and existing public sentiment will warrant.

PARNELL ON THE IRISH
FUTURE.

WE have already referred to the banquet recently given in Dublin in honor of Mr. Parnell, at which he was presented with a purse of \$200,000 by his Irish admirers—a tribute which ranks, as a national testimonial, with the gift offered by the Independent Irish Parliament to its emancipator, Henry Grattan, and with the "Repeal Rent" which the Irish people presented to O'Connell when he relinquished his practice at the Bar in order to throw himself wholly into the struggle for popular rights. The speech of Mr. Parnell, acknowledging the gift, possessed much greater significance than any of his previous utterances. For some time past he had maintained one of his spells of aphasic-like silence, although questions were being discussed in regard to which his opinion was to be looked for with some anxiety. Mr. Chamberlain, the Marquis of Hartington, and other members of the present English Government, were stumping England on the Franchise Bill, and were somewhat ostentatiously announcing their determination to include Ireland in the measure. The Marquis of Hartington had even gone so far as to make a patronizing overture for Irish co-operation with the Liberal party, and the silence of Mr. Parnell was construed by the *quid nuncs* to be the result of a treaty of a more or less compromising character with the Whigs. But the Irish leader's Rotunda pronouncement dispels any such illusion. It is a bold and confident enunciation of a policy untrammelled by any compact with an English party. Mr. Parnell speaks as one who feels that he is master of the situation, and that it is with him in the future shall lie the dictation of terms. "We can survey," he says, "the questions and contests of English parties with perfect equanimity. Our position is a strong and winning one in any case. Whether they extend the franchise or whether they do not, we shall return between seventy and eighty members in the next election." With these votes, and with the help of the Irish vote in the English constituencies, he calculates on holding the balance of power between the two great English parties. He tells the Liberals that he will hold no parley with them until they carry on the administration of Ireland in accordance with Liberal principles; for one of the incongruities of the Irish question is that, while the English Cabinet may include such great statesmen and advanced Liberal thinkers as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain, its Irish administration may be intrusted to a Viceroy like Earl Spencer, who is now engaged suspending the Constitution and enforcing a harsh coercion law with the utmost rigor. If the Liberals refuse to do this, Mr. Parnell threatens he will wreck their Government by casting his vote with the Tories. That this threat is no empty one the London Times reluctantly admits:

"The Irish vote in the House of Commons—be it 35, as it is now, or 70 as it may be by-and-by—is weighty enough to determine the fate of a measure or even of a ministry, and in the constituencies party organizations look with equal anxiety upon the movements of the Irish electors."

Mr. Parnell counsels his followers, above all things, to be patient, and to pursue constitutional methods; and while his speech is a vindication of his independence, courage and statesmanship, it is also a severe comment on the conduct of the Irish agitators in this country who are continually mouthing of "revenge" and "dynamite."

A BUSINESS RETROSPECT.

CANDOR must constrain the least pessimistic of observers to admit that the course of business in 1883 was in many respects disappointing. Strikes were numerous, and even now large numbers of men are out of employment, though this, it is true, is due partly to the dullness of business and the enforced closing of many large establishments till trade shall revive. Wages declined, but the cost of living was not correspondingly reduced; rents showed little if any reduction. Failures were far more numerous than in 1882, owing partly to the decline in prices, partly to the refusal of banks to discount commercial paper with the same readiness as in former years, and partly to the practice only too prevalent among merchants of negotiating their notes without the aid of banks.

The evils which have borne most heavily upon business interests have been, primarily, over-production and over-importation; from these fruitful sources of mischief all the other evils proceeded, though

it is unquestionably true that the deplorable state of commerce in 1883 was in a large measure due to the mistakes of the previous year. That is to say, the importations, so far from reaching the enormous figures of 1882, were an important item smaller than then; the total at New York for 1883 was, approximately, \$452,966,000 against \$488,777,000 the year previous; while it is likewise gratifying to observe that the exports were something over \$342,605,000 against a total in 1882 of \$333,535,000. In addition, the exports of specie were much reduced, the aggregate being approximately \$16,535,000; whereas in 1882 we were compelled to send abroad no less than \$45,116,000; and as regards the imports of gold and silver they rose to \$21,000,000 against \$7,368,000 in 1882.

Money was abundant but it was very carefully guarded; only the most trustworthy collaterals were accepted. Practically, therefore, there was often a real stringency in the money market so far as commercial transactions were concerned. Stocks and bonds declined materially, owing partly to the fact that some of the new railroads cannot earn dividends for some years to come, and partly by reason of the increased competition on the older routes, resulting from the construction of parallel roads. There is a widespread distrust of American railroad corporations both here and in Europe. This is a lamentable fact, but it would be idle to disguise it. It is the inevitable result of building railroads merely for the purpose of speculation, of capitalizing them at figures beyond all bounds of reason, and of borrowing money to pay dividends. The most conservative authorities recognize these facts, simply for the reason that they are beyond dispute.

There was a marked diminution in the exports of breadstuffs, due mainly to the high prices in this country as a result of speculation, and the cotton exports also fell off materially. The depression in the cotton trade, indeed, is scarcely less noticeable than that in iron and steel. It is hoped, however, that with lower prices there may ere long be a revival of business in all these departments of trade.

The tax on commerce was somewhat reduced during the year, and possibly it may be found advisable to reduce it still further after the results of the present tariff shall have become more plainly apparent. The Federal debt bearing interest is now only \$1,301,040,800. Who, in 1865, when it was no less than \$2,756,431,571, could have foreseen so marked a diminution in the space of eighteen years? A reduction of \$1,455,390,771 in a national debt within less than two decades is an achievement nearly or quite unparalleled in history. Within three years the reduction has been \$84,978,704.

Finally, it may be stated with respect to the state of our foreign and internal commerce that the signs for the future are not unfavorable; values have already declined so materially that they can scarcely go much lower, while the necessity of keeping business transactions within more circumscribed limits and of conducting them more largely on a cash basis than heretofore cannot but have a salutary effect in all the avenues of commerce. Let us trust, then, that the record for 1884 will be in every respect more satisfactory than that of 1883.

GAMBLING IN THE ARMY.

THE evil of gambling among army officers has attained such a magnitude, and has resulted in several instances in leading to consequences so disgraceful to those implicated, that Senator Plumb's Bill invoking legislation to aid in extirpating the vice, seems at this time to be especially appropriate. The Bill provides that an officer convicted of gambling, while not on furlough, shall be punished by dismissal from the service, or by a less severe sentence as the court-martial may order. In the case of a soldier so convicted, the punishment shall be at the discretion of the court. But the Bill in relation to officers goes still further than this, as it renders them also liable to prosecution and punishment for gambling even if not serving with troops.

Whether the measure here recommended would banish gambling from the army it is impossible to say, but it would certainly be a step in the right direction. This has been for years the darling vice of army officers, not only in the United States, but to a still greater extent in the English, French, German and Russian armies. Though now prevailing to a less extent than formerly, an officer who either wins or loses at a game of chance is not even now regarded as having lost prestige or as guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman. Such games, so far as the army is concerned, have never been placed under the social ban in Europe, and even civilians, who would regard Monaco with horror, do not think anything the worse of an officer for indulging occasionally in such recreations. In the case of our army officers stationed at frontier posts, their

social isolation renders them, perhaps, peculiarly liable to indulge in such games, and while it is safe to affirm that not one per cent. of the officers of the army would be guilty of duplicating pay accounts to recoup them for their gambling losses, still the habit is apt to lead to ruinous consequences, and should be exterminated at whatever cost.

THE TRAMP NUISANCE.

THERE are tramps and tramps. Not all who bear the name are vagabonds and monsters of evil. For example, as Joaquin Miller recently wrote: "All California was at one time a tremendous army of tramps. I have been a tramp for many weeks, months, and slept under the trees by the roadside, in hay-ricks, anywhere, along with thousands of brave fellows better than I. Of course our tramps were there made up of good metal—no beggars. Brave men had poured in there to find their fortunes, and were hunting industriously." Such sturdy, tireless, patient, wonder-working tramps as these appeal to our admiration and respect rather than to our pity. To the same element in human nature, under different conditions and environment, and with other motives impelling them, are we indebted in history for the Pilgrim Fathers and all earlier and later pioneers. In them the tramp element found its highest and best development. But all these—the "49-ers"—included—were amply able to care for themselves; they justified their nomadic breaking of bounds and their existence at the same time, which suggests two general divisions of the genus tramp: 1. Those who want to—and sooner or later do—take care of themselves; 2. Those who don't want to—and who by any possible combination or stress of circumstances never do—take care of themselves.

It is with this latter class we have to deal, and these, again, naturally subdivide into two distinct sorts, with certain similarities of habit and appearance: 1. Tramps from necessity; 2. Tramps from choice. Among the former—again to quote from Joaquin Miller: "There is a lot of wreck and debris afloat over the land from the late war—men who lost all, even hope and heart; men who are touched a little in the brain from exposure and long concern, old wounds and accumulated years." Incidentally, it may be said that one of the legacies of the War of the Rebellion was a mass of human driftwood—men who had lost their taste for the honest industries of peace, or men who had lost their chance in life, or those who were physically disabled from ever again caring for themselves by ordinary toil; for such as these we must feel sympathy, and for them and others like them the humanitarian plea of the poet is not misplaced. Unfortunately for them, we cannot by any outward sign, or grace, or token, distinguish them from the riff-raff and scum of an overburdened civilization and so speak of them and regard them all alike as tramps—creatures to be shunned and dreaded in about equal degree. There are, also, great numbers of honest laboring men, out of work, who go from place to place seeking employment. It is only the police authorities, familiar with human nature in all its phases and vagaries, that can assort tramps and draw the line where it belongs; to the general public it is the case of Old Dog Tray over again. A tramp is a tramp, and any one who is forced to consort with them, or temporarily adopt their nomadic habits, is under the ban. Among the professional tramps there are again two subdivisions: (1.) Those who won't work as long as they can beg enough to eat, and who will steal when begging fails to supply nature's demands. (2.) Those who adopt the life of a tramp as a convenient cover for all sorts of petty crimes; who will never beg when they can steal; who are only brave enough to terrorize helpless women and children, who are made their victims in many terrible ways which are reported in the newspapers with startling frequency; who will only fight when, like a pack of wolves, they outnumber those they attack ten to one—or when, like rats, they are driven into a corner with life and death the only stakes; who are cowardly, sneaking, pain-dreading, craven beasts in human form, with all the more revolting and none of the better qualities with which the race is endowed. To sweep such vermin from off the face of the earth, to utterly and for ever annihilate them, would be a boon to mankind. As in the nature of things this is out of the calculation, the problem of how to deal with the tramp nuisance has become a question of national and exigent importance. The evil is confined to no one State or section; otherwise by its unbearable magnitude it would remedy itself.

Probably no one State has suffered more than New Jersey, lying, as it does, between two of the largest cities on the continent. The thoroughfare of the tramps en route between New York and Philadelphia is the Pennsylvania Railroad, and towns along the line are the principal sufferers. In 1875 laws were enacted with a view to drive out and keep out tramps. The point of this law is to catch the tramp wherever found, and under the comprehensive charge of being a disorderly person, sentence him to a term at breaking stone or sawing wood. Quite recently a rigid enforcement of this law has been begun in Trenton, with the most gratifying results. Even the name of the jail has been changed to that of workhouse to carry additional terror to the heart of the incorrigible vagrant. The prisoners are set at breaking Goat Hill stone, notably hard and tough, and as much like wrought-iron as possible. Many tramps when first locked up rebel and refuse to work. A longer or shorter period in the dark cell, with no bed and no sustenance but bread and water, brings the most obdurate tramp to terms. Task

masters stand over them with loaded revolvers. Their legs are ornamented with balls and chains. When their term of imprisonment expires they get out of the State the nearest and quickest way possible. Other States would do well to follow the example of New Jersey as to the passage of laws against tramps. Let there be no false philanthropy opposed to the heroic antidote of the stone-hammer and the sawbuck.

THE MODERN LANGUAGES.

THE Convention of forty-five professors of modern languages at Columbia College in New York city, last week, was a significant sign of the times, and a reminder of the tremendous increase in the study of those languages in America. Twice or thrice as many Americans speak French or German as did so barely ten years ago. Railroads make every man a citizen of the world and a polyglot. As travelers multiply, a knowledge of foreign languages becomes more and more convenient. When the learned men of every country staid at home, no tongue was needed except their own, with Greek and Latin to interpret it; but in this age of wonderful scientific revelations and of diversified knowledge, the classics are considered less essential, and the study of the live languages of present intercourse is widely taking their place in the curriculum. We would not disparage the value of a knowledge of the languages of Homer and Virgil, but this is pre-eminently an age of specialists; no one man can learn everything; to be effective in the world's work it is better to know some one thing or group of things well than to grasp at everything and be only a thin and helpless smatterer; so it has properly come to pass that Latin and Greek, once thought necessary to an education, are now becoming chiefly the property of the higher class of professional men who need them in their daily work. In the next generation a knowledge of French and German will be essential to a good education, as that of Latin and Greek was in the last.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THERE has been no change of importance in the situation in Tonquin since the capture of Sontay. Late reports indicate that Chinese troops took no part in the defense of that town, and there has been, therefore, no open rupture of diplomatic relations between France and China. It is announced, however, that Admiral Courbet has been directed to follow up his success at Sontay by an immediate attack upon Bac-Ninh, and as the Government at Peking has declared that it would consider such a movement as a direct attack upon the Empire, it is not probable that these peaceful relations can be much longer maintained. A Canton dispatch states that troops are to be sent at once to the Tonquin frontier. It is said that France has determined to permit no interference with her programme in Tonquin, and that she "will only consider her task finished when Anam understands that it is impossible to evade the fulfillment of her treaty obligations." It is added that she will exact some security for the due discharge of the pecuniary responsibility which she has incurred by reason of the aggressive attitude of China. The new King of Anam, who was crowned December 2d, is only fifteen years of age, and is controlled by the anti-French party. The reports from the Soudan continue to be conflicting. One represents that El Mahdi is in great fear, and has sent his family to a place of safety, the neighboring tribes having refused to come to his help. Another is to the effect that he is marching upon Khartoum. This report is apparently without foundation in fact, as a detachment of 1,300 Egyptian troops has arrived at Khartoum without discovering any signs of the enemy. The garrison at Khartoum now consists of 4,000 men, and will probably be able to resist, for a time, at least, any assault which may be made upon it. A story published by an Arabic newspaper to the effect that, although Hicks Pasha and a part of his command were slaughtered, the result of the engagement near El Obeid was a reverse for the False Prophet, has attracted some attention, but is generally regarded as a mere fable.

It looks after all as if the visit of the German Crown Prince to the Pope will be productive of important results. There are already signs of a truce in the religious war between the Empire and the Vatican. One of the most significant of these signs is found in the fact that the Prussian Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs has just sent no less than 119 dispensations to perform their sacerdotal functions to priests in the Diocese of Kulm, who would be liable to prosecution under the anti-Papal laws for administering their offices without such a warrant.—It is announced that the King and Queen of Italy will visit the German Court at Berlin next Spring, in response to an invitation from the Crown Prince.

The native newspapers of India violently oppose any compromise on the Ilbert Bill, which is designed to give the same authority and jurisdiction to native judges in India, under the Criminal Jurisprudence Act, as have been and are now exercised by English judges. There has been considerable opposition raised against the Bill, and it is asserted by many that if it passes the next Parliament it will engender antagonism between the English and the native Indian races.—A reunion of representative Scotch-Irishmen from America, Great Britain and the British Colonies will be held at Belfast on the 4th of July next.—A severe shock of earthquake has been felt at Zepec, in Bohemia, causing the inhabitants of the town to flee to the neighboring fields.—Mr. Bradlaugh announces that he is going to make another attempt to take his seat in the House of Commons when it meets

in February.—It is stated in positive terms that a secret treaty, offensive and defensive, has been signed by Germany, Austria and Italy.—All importations of hog meats into France will be absolutely prohibited after January 20th, and American salted meats will hereafter be admitted at Marseilles, Havre and Bordeaux only.

THE example set by Justice Steckler, of the Fourth Judicial District of this city, in his distribution of Christmas cheer to the poor of the district, is one which our official magnates might profitably emulate. There are some scores of public officials, occupying places of great pecuniary value, who would not miss the outlay incurred in such a practical charity, and they could in no better way demonstrate their appreciation of the popular favor than by contributing to the necessities of those who are more or less constantly a public charge.

THE prospects of the laboring classes for the coming Winter are not encouraging. Several thousand workmen employed in the nail trade will be without work for some weeks from the opening of the new year, owing to the closing down of the manufactories; in other branches of the iron industry wages are being reduced, with a prospect of an ultimate suspension of production, and in nearly every State large bodies of men are likely to be idle during a part if not the whole of the Winter season. It can scarcely be otherwise than that great suffering will ensue to the families of those who are thus affected by the stagnation of business.

THE New York Sun thinks that the new House Committee on Rivers and Harbors "will serve very well as a plunder-barometer during the present session. Its actions and recommendations will indicate the state of atmospheric pressure in the lobby, and the probability of a tornado next Fall like that which demolished the Republican majority in the Forty-seventh House, in November, 1882." Of the fifteen members of the committee eight are new men, and it will depend very much upon their integrity and imperviousness to lobby influences whether the public treasury is to be again plundered of \$18,000,000 or \$20,000,000 in the interest of rings of jobbers.

SLAVERY in Brazil is likely to be swept out of existence at a not distant day. In the province of Ceara, where some seventeen municipalities, including the provincial capital, have voluntarily liberated all their slaves during the past year, the local Assembly has just passed a law which, while it does not declare outright for prohibition, reaches the same result by raising the tax on slaves to \$100, and by shutting out the renewal of slavery in all municipalities where it has once been abolished. As the tax is much in excess of the average price paid for emancipation in that province, it is confidently believed that thousands of slaves will be liberated, either gratuitously or for a nominal sum, before the date on which the tax is to be imposed, which is the 31st of January next.

GENERAL BUTLER'S views on the subject of Presidential booms are, to say the least, creditable to his good sense. Referring to a newspaper statement that he was going to locate in Washington for the purpose of working up his candidacy, he recently said: "In the first place, I have no Presidential boom to start, and if I had I think Lowell would be a better place to start one in than Washington, because there are so many started there that there might be a collision. It is better to start one in the backwoods." The General is undoubtedly right in this statement. Washington booms have always been unfortunate; their wrecks, in fact, litter the record of every great political contest for nearly half a century.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Congress which looks to the destruction of the national bank system, and Judge Buckner, Chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, is of opinion that this result will be effected. If the rapid payment of the national debt is to go on, of course the national banks will be annihilated, for they are founded on the bonds. In case this prediction should be fulfilled, the substitutes for the bills withdrawn must be either greenbacks or the notes of reorganized State banks. The latter contingency would be full of disaster. The banking system in vogue before the war seems like a horrible nightmare to those who can remember it. Its restoration would occasion universal dismay. Judge Buckner and his committee and his party in Congress will do well to go slow, lest they avail themselves of this financial opportunity to make that fatal blunder for which their opponents are looking with serene confidence.

THE country will not complain if it shall turn out to be true, as stated in some of the newspapers, that the House Committee on Public Lands was constituted with a special view to an organized demonstration against the railroad corporations which have received grants of public lands. It is high time that such of these corporations as have acquired possession of large tracts of the public domain without complying with the conditions of the grants should be brought to an accounting, and compelled, if the facts shall prove to be as alleged, to surrender the lands they have stolen. In the last Congress Bills for the forfeiture of land grants were referred to the Judiciary Committee for an examination of the legal questions involved, and for some reason they, for the most part, never got beyond the committee portfolio. Such Bills in this Congress have been uniformly sent to the Public Lands Committee, which has thereby obtained gen-

eral jurisdiction of the subject, and as a large majority of its members regard the subject as of prime importance and are committed to an aggressive policy, there is every reason to hope that some comprehensive measure or measures will be promptly reported and vigorously urged upon the attention of the House.

THE Grand Charity Ball, which will take place at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of the 3d instant, will command, undoubtedly, the patronage and co-operation of the best people of the metropolis. The fact that the proceeds are to be applied for the benefit of the Nursery and Child's Hospital is quite sufficient to commend it to the sympathy of all the benevolently disposed, while the high character of the management, representing the highest social circles, naturally commands the encouragement and favor of the fashionable and select. Especial interest, too, attaches to this ball from the fact that it is the first given in the new house, which is peculiarly adapted for entertainments of this description, and will admit of exceptionally picturesque effects. Among the patronesses who have been active in promoting the success of the ball by the sale of boxes and tickets, conspicuous credit should be given to Mrs. Dr. Egbert Guernsey, who has been especially active and successful.

How to save the Adirondack forests seems to be a difficult problem to solve. One of our correspondents wrestles with it in this number. That the trees are being rapidly destroyed is notorious; and they are being destroyed by the ax, and by fire, and by water, by cupidity and carelessness, without any adequate return either to the State or to individuals. The problem is somewhat simplified by the fact that all of the densest woods, "the forest primeval," around the largest lakes and inclosing the sources of the principal rivers, are owned by the State, which is also acquiring other portions of the vast tract by sale for unpaid taxes—hundreds of thousands of acres every year. Let the State henceforth keep what it gets, and get more as fast as it can in the regular course of tax-sales, and the important question, How to protect the public domain from spoliation, cannot defy solution. The suggestion that the State should go into the market as a purchaser for the purpose of getting ahead of other rivals is obviously a big job, with probable bribery and certain corruption in it, and we are glad to see that the Legislature is not likely to adopt it.

PATIENCE and persistence, as near alike as two p's, find their most sublime earthly example in the claimants who promptly make their appearance in Congress at the beginning of every session. Over and over again they come, through a score of administrations. Defeat but spurs them to activity. They survive whole generations. Twenty years are to them but as a day. The old French Spoliation Bill is holding up its platter again. It has been before Congress for sixty years—since James Monroe was President, since Byron was writing poetry in Greece. It has passed either Senate or House eight times, and has passed both twice, and been vetoed by the President. The "Bill for the relief of William De Groot" is also on hand once more, as it has been regularly for twenty-five years, though William himself has long since been granted all the relief that death can confer—the restful Nirvana which even ungrateful nations cannot disturb. Here, too, come the sweet faces of the Gideon-Walker claim and the Carleton claim, a trifle gray, of course, and wrinkled about the eyes, but of youthful step and their veins glowing with the ichor of perpetual hope. But where, oh, where, is the great McGarrahan claim? Did the claimant expire and leave no heirs? If so, he is the first patriot that ever died childless with a cumulative claim against the Government.

THE formation of the House Committees, a task of unusual difficulty owing to the great number of new Representatives without experience in legislation, has been accomplished by Speaker Carlisle to the general acceptance of the members. There are, of course, some disappointments, but this was inevitable under any circumstances; and so long as the committees are constituted with reference to the honest and expeditious performance of the public business, the country will give little thought to the failure of individual aspirations. The public interest has centred mainly in the composition of the Ways and Means Committee, and this has been so constituted as at least to leave no room for doubt as to its tendencies on the question of supreme concern. Eight of the thirteen members are more or less positively in favor of Free Trade, while of the remainder, four are pronounced Protectionists, and one moderately so. It is believed that the committee will carry out the views expressed by the Speaker at the time of his election, and bring in a Bill for the reduction of the tariff on imports. Considerable alarm is already manifested among iron manufacturers at the prospect of the renewal of the tariff agitation. In the construction of the committees the South secures a marked preponderance, twenty-eight of the fifty-two chairmanships going to members from that section. Of these, Mr. Tucker, of Virginia, is the only man of really national reputation. Five States, namely, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee, with forty-eight Democratic Representatives, carry off eighteen chairmanships—more than one-third of the whole number—among which are those of Ways and Means, Banking and Currency, Coinage, Weights and Measures, Agriculture, Claims, Mines and Mining, Rivers and Harbors, Public Lands, Public Buildings and Grounds, and Invalid Pensions. These ten committees are about one half of the more important ones of the House.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A NIGHT-SCHOOL for the benefit of convicts is to be established at Sing Sing Prison.

PROHIBITION is gaining ground even in Texas. Two counties have just voted against licensing saloons.

M. ROUSTAN, the new French Minister to the United States, arrived at this port last week, and immediately proceeded to Washington.

THE Intercollegiate Rowing Association, at its meeting in New York city last week, resolved to hold its next regatta at Saratoga on July 4th next.

It is proposed to construct a cantalver bridge across the Niagara River at Lewiston. Legislation for the purpose will be necessary from both the United States and Canada.

THE marriage of Bishop Henry W. Warren, of Atlanta, Ga., to Mrs. Elizabeth S. Hoff, the millionaire cattle-owner of Denver, Col., took place in the latter city on the 27th ultimo.

THE records of the New York City Building Bureau show a slight decrease in new buildings in 1883 as compared with 1882, when plans representing about \$44,793,186 were filed.

GENERAL GRANT fell on the sidewalk in front of his New York city residence, on Christmas Eve, and sustained injuries which it is feared will confine him to his room for a fortnight.

ON the Sunday before Christmas the Long Island Railway ran a train 265 miles for the sole purpose of distributing Turkey to the employes of the road. Every man received one.

It is said that the management of the Star Route trials by the Department of Justice, and especially the expenditures incurred in their prosecution, will be investigated by Congress.

GENERAL ANDREW A. HUMPHREYS, who for nearly forty years was one of the best known men in the United States Army, died in Washington on the 27th ultimo, aged 74 years.

THE biennial session of the Socialist Labor Congress was held in Baltimore last week. An address was agreed upon advocating certain radical reforms, but condemning the Herr Most policy.

THE shipbuilding in Maine last year was only moderately satisfactory. There were 174 vessels built, against 163 in 1882, aggregating 74,708 13 tons, against 75,984 91 tons the year previous.

THE propositions to remove the tax on bank circulation and to issue bank notes without the legal tender quality will not receive the indorsement of the House Committee on Banking and Currency.

THE American Society of Professors of Dancing, at its annual meeting in Philadelphia last week, agreed that the introduction of new dances should not be encouraged, but the old dances should be improved.

A PETITION requesting Congress to prevent the importation into this country of foreign laborers under contracts made abroad is being circulated, and is receiving many signatures of workmen in Reading, Pa.

"BRADSTREET'S" reports 260 failures in the United States during the past week, twenty less than the preceding week, eighteen more than the corresponding week of 1882, and ninety-nine more than the same week in 1881.

A LYNCHING and street fight in McDade, Texas, on Christmas Day, resulted in the death of five persons and the fatal maiming of two others. On the same day two persons were killed and five others wounded in a street fight in Allendale, S. C.

THE Ohio liquor-dealers have perfected a State organization, with a committee of fifteen to look after auxiliaries and legislation. Resolutions were adopted denouncing the Scott law as unconstitutional and calling upon the Legislature to repeal it.

DURING last year 3,738 new houses were built in Philadelphia, an increase of nearly 100 per cent. over 1882. In the suburban districts 2,300 two-story brick houses were constructed. In churches and chapels there was a slight increase, there being nineteen erected, an increase of six over the year previous.

THE Mississippi River Commission has an estimate of the cost of the earthwork required for levees between Commerce, Mo., and the forts below New Orleans, a distance of 1,553 miles. The sum named is \$11,443,770. The Commission also asks for \$3,000,000 for the fiscal year for the improvement of the Mississippi below Cairo.

A HEAVY gale swept over the Northern States on Thursday night of last week. At Mount Washington, N. H., the wind traveled at the rate of 105 miles an hour; and at Pittsfield, Mass., considerable damage was done to property. At Boston and vicinity the storm was attended by the phenomenon, rare at this season, of an electric disturbance, the flashes of lightning being of a vivid hue and followed by peals of thunder.

Foreign.

THE newspapers continue to print rumors that the Khedive of Egypt contemplates abdicating the throne.

THE Argentine Government is about to issue 4,000,000 national dollars to advance public instruction in the provinces and for the building of 300 schools.

A REVISED draft of an international treaty for the protection of submarine cables has been laid before the Powers concerned, who are to accept or reject it within three months.

It is reported that a definite agreement has been concluded between the Suez Canal Company and British shipowners upon terms which are stated to be satisfactory to the company.

THE King of Italy has consented, in accordance with the wishes of the Pope, to erect the proposed tomb of the late King Victor Emmanuel in a side chapel of the Pantheon instead of in the centre of that structure.

A CABLE dispatch reports that the death of Bazelas, the rebel chieftain in Havti, has been quickly followed by the surrender of Jeremie to the Salomon Government, and the other rebel strongholds are on the eve of capitulation.

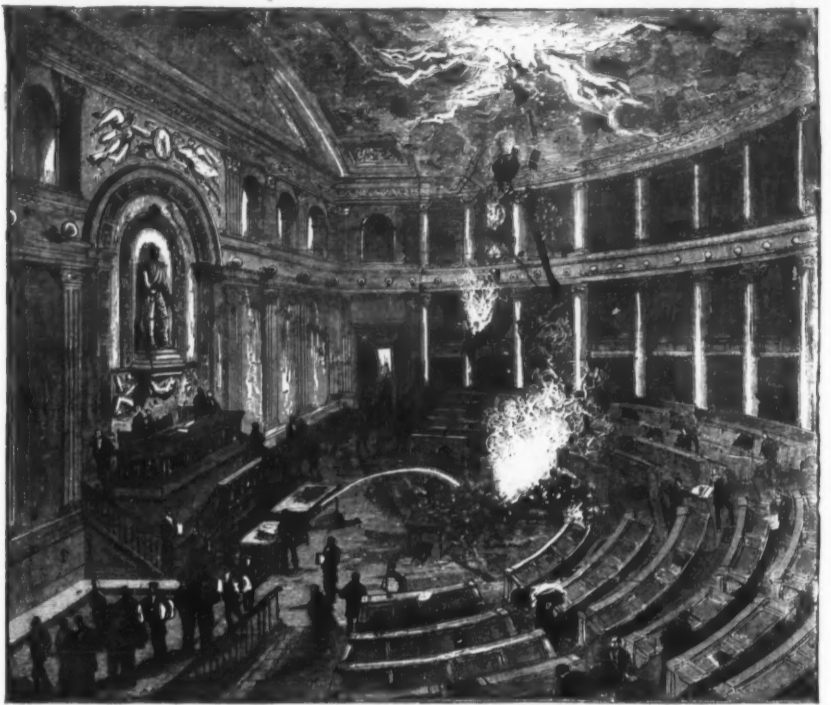
At the Trades Congress held in Toronto last week a resolution was unanimously adopted, affirming that the future welfare of the working people of the Dominion of Canada required the prohibition of further importations of Chinese labor.

AN Orange procession at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, was attacked on the 26th ultimo by Roman Catholics armed with guns, hatchets and pickets, and four persons were killed and eighteen wounded. The Orangemen, being unarmed, fled as soon as attacked.

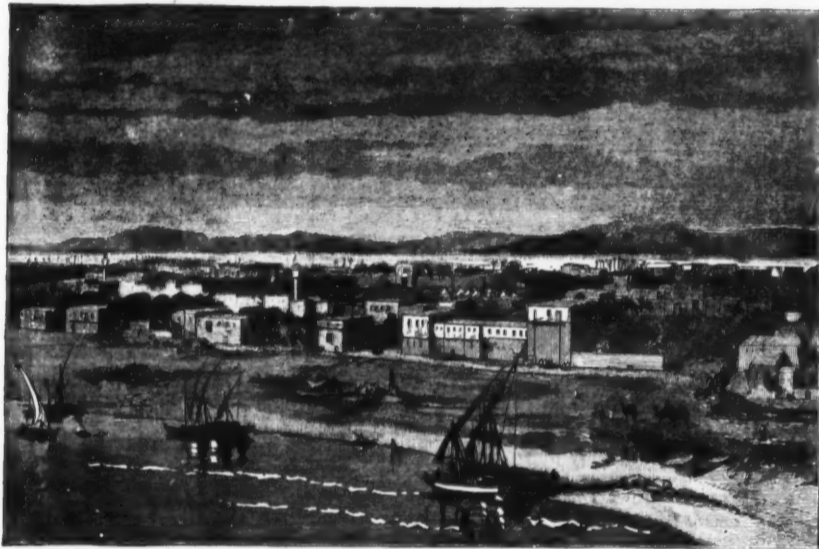
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 311.



CHINA.—AN ITINERANT COOK-SHOP.
SEE PAGE 317.



BELGIUM.—THE BURNING OF THE NATIONAL PALACE AT BRUSSELS—SCENE IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FIRE.



THE SOUDAN.—DONGOLA, THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE MAHDI.



INDIA.—PANORAMIC VIEW OF CALCUTTA FROM THE TOP OF THE MUSEUM.



INDIA.—THE IMPERIAL INDIAN MUSEUM, CALCUTTA, IN WHICH THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION IS HELD, AND ONE OF THE ANNEXES.



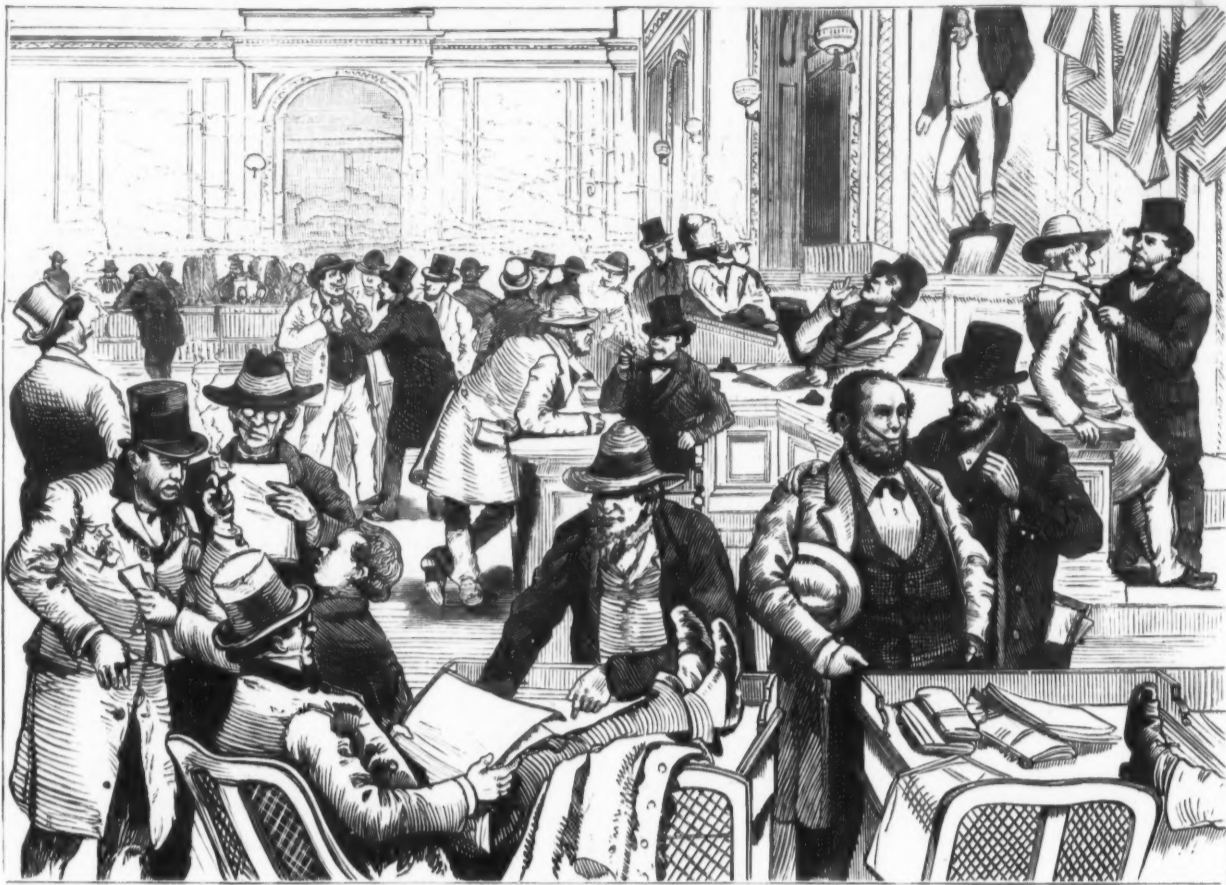
ITALY.—THE NEW PALACE OF THE MINISTRY OF WAR, ON THE STREET TWENTIETH-OF-SEPTEMBER, IN ROME.



WAR PREPARATIONS IN CHINA.—FOREIGN DRILLED CREW OF A CHINESE GUN-VESSEL.

AN ARTIST'S
RAMBLES
IN WASHINGTON.

THE floor of the House of Representatives affords an immense field for a "Cogbundance of Cogitation." Here, before the House is called to order, the members of Congress are completely at home. All sorts and conditions of men are on the floor, from the horny-handed representative of a remote lumber constituency to the kid-gloved member who is the mouthpiece of "cultchaw." The members converse in knots, hilarious bursts of laughter bubbling up over the tale of some facetious Representative, anent a possible recent experience with a constituent. The working members are busy as bees, their desks laden with correspondence, with bills, with public documents. To reply to letters is a favorite mode of whiling away the dull hours of debate, and many a rustic constituent gazes down from the gallery, awe-stricken at the amount of work his Congressman is getting through while others are sleeping, yawning, talking, or gazing stolidly in the direction of the Speaker. Pages bound like india-rubber balls all over the floor, the slightest clap of a member's hands bringing two or three of these acrobats to his side. Some of the Representatives, with a view to meeting the pages half way, fling their papers as the messengers approach, and the dexterity with which a page dives beneath a desk or a seat to pick up the recumbent document is a marvel to behold. The practice of placing the feet on the desks, like that of chewing, is fast dying out, and is solely confined to representatives of distant constituencies, and whose shoes are not of such a pattern as Beau Brummel would have cared to have been associated with. The member who is about to speak may be easily singled out on account of his grave pre-occupation and furtive glances at elaborate notes. The funny man of the House is usually



THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE BEFORE THE CALL TO ORDER.

surrounded by a grinning audience, and these are the last to come to order. The female lobbyist is the dread and terror of a Congressman's career. She is not to be denied. She lies in ambush. She pounces upon him when he least expects her. She buttonholes him. She separates him from his friends. She is not limp, but she clings. She will take no denial. "No" is a word that she fails to comprehend. She uses

adjectives, some of them strong. She gushes, if needs be, and is ready on occasion to weep. If she is good-looking, she works the battery of her charms with a skill that defies description. She knows the haunts of the luckless Representative, and does not hesitate to disturb him at his meal, even at the post-prandial cocktail. Her beseechments are pathetic or menacing. She is a nuisance, and she knows it. It is a sight for the gods

from Ouray, who had proceeded to the mine in the face of the terrific storm to bring in the dead on sleds improvised for the purpose, narrowly escaped death while on their return, from another slide. The sleds containing four bodies were carried 2,000 feet down the mountain side to a precipice 500 feet high, over which they were hurled, and there they must remain until Spring. Several other snow-slides are reported in other sections, and of one of

to behold a Representative in the hands of these singularly uninteresting persons. They surround him. They attack him en masse. They bar his passage and all talk at once. In vain he endeavors to get away, to free himself, pleading important business. What more important business than theirs? None. In his despair he is impolite. That doesn't matter. They have their prey in their hands and will never let go their hold.

SNOW-SLIDES IN
COLORADO.

SNOW-SLIDES in winter are quite common in Utah, Colorado and other Western States and Territories, and not infrequently they are attended with serious loss of life and property. One occurred on the 21st of December at the Virginia Mine, near Ouray, Col., by which six men lost their lives and others were seriously injured. The slide started at the summit of the Sneefles range, at the foot of which the Virginia Mine is situated, swelled into an avalanche as it descended, striking a building used as a boarding-house, where eleven men were resting, and swept it completely away, crushing and burying the men fifteen or twenty feet under the snow among the rocks and timber. After the noise and confusion had subsided, other miners, who were hoisted from the shaft, started to search for their comrades. They succeeded in taking out five of them alive, but the remaining six were dead. Subsequently, a party of thirty persons



FEMALE LOBBYISTS IN THE MARBLE ROOM OF THE SENATE.

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLES IN WASHINGTON.—No. 3: THE SENATE LOBBY AND THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.

these, in which a supply team making its way up a precipitous mountain road was overwhelmed by an avalanche and men and horses killed, we give an illustration on page 313.

THE ROSE OF LOVE.

ALL fair gifts at my feet are lying,
That ever a woman's life has known;
All the good that is worth the buying
I can make my own.

All? Nay, nay, on that woman's bosom,
That pretty woman across the way,
Plain in my sight lies a royal blossom,
And with joy to-day

I would give for that gift so tender—
That royal flower on her thankless breast—
My silken robes and my jewels' splendor;
Ay, the very best

Of all the good that, in fullest measure,
Fills my careless, ungrateful hand;
I would give all for her one treasure—
Do you understand?

CARLOTTA PERRY.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.

I HAD found my hat and was seeking an opportunity of making my escape unobserved, when my friend Willard Fleming caught sight of me.

"Don't go yet, Arthur," he said; "I want you to do me a favor. You saw me with a lady dressed in blue?"

I assented. "A beautiful girl, with dark hair and eyes?"

"The same," he responded. "Her name is Lydia Moreton; beautiful, as you say, and, what is no less interesting, heiress to half a million. I want you to be introduced to her and form a general idea of her. It is a very important matter."

I stared. "What part am I to play in this mysterious drama?" I asked, in surprise; "surely you do not propose to adjust your inclination for the lady by what I may think of her after a few moments of acquaintance?"

"I will explain afterwards," he replied; "come and see her first."

Very much mystified, I followed him into the conservatory, where I was formally introduced to Miss Moreton. On taking my place beside her, I saw that Fleming had left us to ourselves. I confess I was not displeased, for I found her very charming. We were on good terms immediately, and I was half inclined to be angry with Willard when he returned and took me away from her.

"I envy you," I said. "She is exquisite."

"I am glad you approve," he replied, "but it is by no means settled yet, and that is why I want your help."

"I wish you would not talk in riddles, Willard," I exclaimed. "Tell me what you mean."

"Just this," he said, taking my arm confidentially. "I think I have produced an impression, but as she is going abroad to-morrow, for a year, I shall have no opportunity of following it up. I have gained her permission to correspond with her, and you are going to write my letters for me."

"I?" I replied. "You seriously expect me to correspond with her in your name?"

"Just so," he said. "It is the brightest idea that ever entered my head, too. Now, I write an abominable letter, and, in spite of the understanding between us, might do myself more harm than good. You have an especial talent that way. Everybody admires your letters, for you can produce any impression you choose. You have a general notion of her character; that was why I introduced you. If you will undertake the campaign, adding a little more warmth and that sort of thing in each successive letter, we shall capture her before the year is out."

"It strikes me the course you propose is not strictly delicate or honorable," I replied, indignantly. "What will she think of us when she discovers the truth?"

"Oh, never mind that," he returned, carelessly. "After I have made her Mrs. Fleming I will undertake to pacify her."

I was on the point of refusing positively when Miss Moreton, on her way to her carriage, met us in the hall. She smiled and gave me her hand. What was there in her look, her voice, the touch of her small, gloved palm, that stirred me so? What was the wave of regret that swelled up in my heart as I saw her turn, once more at the door and smile back her farewell? I stood in a profound reverie until Fleming plucked me by the arm and said, impatiently:

"Well, what is your decision? Will you write to her?"

In an instant the thought entered my brain that, though she could never be more than a pleasant vision to me, I might at least retain the bitter happiness of holding intercourse with her for a time, even if under another man's name. The temptation was irresistible, and I yielded.

"Yes," I replied; "I will write your letters."

"The thing is done, then," he said, rubbing his hands gleefully. "I shall owe you the handsomest wife in America and a half-million besides."

I turned away with a throb of indignant envy, and left him exulting over his anticipated success. That night I wrote my first letter to her and signed it Willard Fleming. I put all my strength into it, shadowing out the conflicting emotions which filled me. I felt that it could not fail to have its effect, for I was writing for myself—as I should have written had it been my right to address her in my own name. I mailed it two days later, knowing it would reach her shortly after her arrival.

I waited impatiently for her reply. Willard had arranged to have her letters sent to me,

After I had read them I was to turn them over to him, together with a draft of my answers.

Three weeks later I found an envelope, postmarked France, and addressed in a delicate feminine hand, lying upon my desk. I tore it open with trembling fingers. It was from Lydia Moreton. In every line of it I detected the effect of the letter I had written her. It was more than kind; it was just upon that neutral ground which lies between friendship and something more tender. I read and reread it. I carried it about with me for several days before I could bring myself to give it to Willard. It seemed as if it had been meant for me. What difference was it whose name was at the top of it? My words, my feelings, my hopes, had drawn it forth. It had been written to me; but, alas! I had no right to it.

"Bravo!" cried Willard, in delight, as he read it. "If any one ever asks me for a private secretary, I shall recommend you above all others. Why, she is half in love with me already."

In love with him! True, it was Willard Fleming that she had thought of when writing. Me she had long since forgotten, and I had done my best to destroy my last hope, if I had ever been so foolish as to cherish any.

I went home half resolved to take no further part in the conspiracy, and to let Willard manage his courtship as best he might. But I had not the courage to relinquish the bitter-sweet of my fictitious intercourse with her. Powerfully affected by her at our first and only meeting, her letter had completed the mischief. I was in love with her, and I might as well have been in love with the moon.

I wrote again, recklessly, almost passionately. Under Willard's name I reflected all the feelings which her letter had aroused in me. I made no attempt to disguise my love, but I expressed no hope. It was a sad luxury to imagine her flushing cheeks and brightening eyes as she read my fervid lines.

The letter that came in reply was an additional torture to me. It was very apparent that, far from offending her, my unguarded language had won me a warmer place in her heart. There was a sweet half-confession of tenderness in every word, such as would have been my cue for an open declaration had I been dealing with her honestly.

A paragraph in her letter warned me of the dangerous ground Willard and I were treading upon in our deception. It ran:

"I cannot understand, dear friend, my own feelings when I read your letters. When I met you in New York I thought you one of the commonplace young men one meets in society, and one I could never have felt any deep interest in, as I knew you then. It seems now as if another person were speaking to me—a man with a warm heart, deep feelings and noble impulses. I cannot recall myself that the Willard Fleming I once knew is the Willard Fleming I am now writing to. How have I deceived myself so?"

"Sharp girl," commented Fleming, when he read this passage. "Won't she stare when she knows I never wrote her a line?"

The idea of cheating her became every hour more repugnant to me. If I could have undone the whole unhappy business what would I not have given! How she would despise us both when she came to know the truth!

This strange correspondence continued throughout the winter. I could not break the fatal chain I had bound around myself. Every word from her was as precious as life. I could not voluntarily exile myself from her in hatred and contempt. No, the end would come soon enough in the inevitable course of events. The end was nearer than I knew.

There came a letter from her—shall I ever forget it?—which, in its tender outpouring of love, left me no alternative but to make a full declaration and ask her hand—in the name of Willard Fleming. As I finished it I felt a sense of sorrowful relief. The die was cast.

Two weeks later I received her acceptance. She was Willard Fleming's betrothed wife. She had resolved to cut her European tour short by several months and return to America. She confessed she could not be happy now unless near me—alas, not me!—but the man who had never offered her one tender word, nor felt one thrill of regard for her, Willard Fleming.

Willard was in high spirits at the prospect of the successful termination of his extraordinary courtship.

"I'm much obliged to you, old fellow," he said, patronizingly. "You have done splendidly. Why, bless my heart, I don't wonder she came to terms. Some of your letters read as if you were furiously in love with her yourself."

I averted my head and made no reply. "Matters are in excellent shape," he continued. "There will be no more necessity of letters, and so if we keep our secret she will never know anything about it. If she discovers it, as I suppose she must after our marriage, she can't help herself."

While he was talking in this way, my heart sank within me with a torturing doubt which now occurred to me for the first time. In my selfish love I had forgotten that I was deliberately putting her in the power of a man with whom she had no sympathy, and whom she did not love. Had I not conspired to bring about the lifelong misery of the woman I loved?

It was several days after her arrival before I saw her. Then I was surprised at her appearance. It was not that of a happy betrothed bride. Her face looked worn and pale, and her manner was anxious and sad. I saw, too, that when Willard came near her she involuntarily shrank from him, and looked at him with an expression of doubt and wonder. It was but too plain that she had an intuition of the deception put upon her. She did not love him, and she could not understand her own feelings. My heart ached for her; I longed to tell the truth; but how could I? However, it proved to be my destiny to un-

deceive her in the most unexpected manner. Shortly before their marriage there came a rumor that the trustee of her property had defrauded her; risked all in speculation and lost all. The rumor was very soon confirmed by Willard himself.

He came into my room, looking gloomy and irritable. He flung himself into a chair with an oath.

"Here's a pretty fix," he growled. "Lydia's money is all gone."

"Well," said I, coldly, "the loss of her money has not lessened her value in your eyes, I hope?"

"Hasn't it?" he replied. "I am not the man to marry a woman for sentiment. Do you suppose I would have gone to all that trouble unless I had counted upon her fortune?"

Angry and disgusted as I was with him, I felt a great wave of joy sweep over me.

"You got me into this scrape," he said, brutally, "with your confounded letters. I count on you to extricate me."

"Very well," I returned, quietly; "how do you expect me to affect this laudable purpose?"

"Go and tell her I never wrote those letters, and that I never made any engagement with her."

"I will do it," said I, "not for your sake, but to save her from the meanest of men. Thank God that you have betrayed your true character before it is too late. Now leave this house. I never want to look upon your face again."

Considerably abashed, he obeyed without a word, and I prepared to execute my mission with a lighter heart than I had known for many a day.

I sent up my card and she entered the room with a quick step and an anxious face.

"You come from Willard Fleming," she said, hurriedly; "he has heard of my misfor-

me, but I am grateful that my deception did not bind you fatally to a man you dislike and I despise."

I watched the varying emotions cross her face as I spoke, and with a thrill of joy saw that her look became more gentle, her manner more tender.

"I said," she replied, after a while, "that I loved the writer of those letters. I did and do. It has been my chiefest sorrow to believe my ideal did not exist. It does," she added, extending her hands to me with a charming smile; "why should I deny it?"

Thus the love, which had run its course through mystery and mistake, found its fruition at last. They say a poet's soul is mirrored in his works; love, the supreme poetry of life, converts our slightest acts into the language whereby heart speaks to heart.

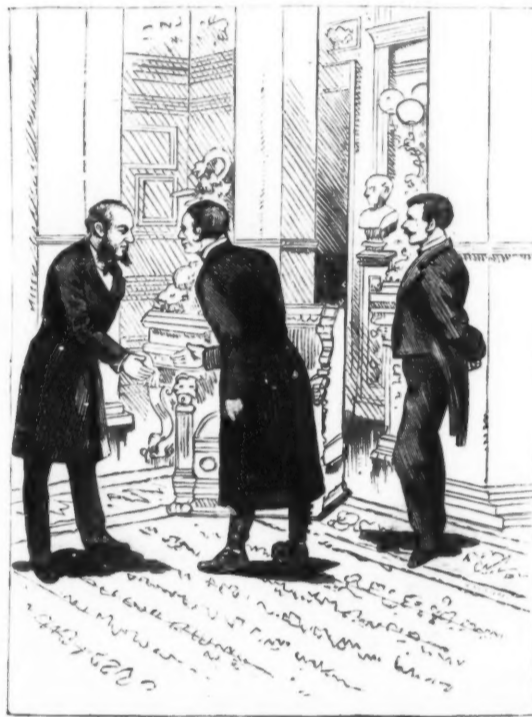
MR. VANDERBILT'S PICTURE-GALLERY.

HIS RECENT RECEPTION TO HIS GENTLEMEN FRIENDS.

OUT of the snow and slush and sleet, into a corridor relegated to the reception of coats and hats! Out of this limbo, for the cold wind leaped in with a suppressed shriek, through gilded gates, into a superb hall; great logs of wood sputtering and crackling and sparkling in an open fireplace worthy of a Franciscan refectory, and bidding you welcome with hot and aromatic and spicy breath. Subdued light everywhere; on mosque rugs worthy the knees of the Prophet himself; on seventeenth-century Gothic chairs, easy albeit their quaint and unyielding shape; on statues white as the snow outside; on bronzes that seemed to glow into life; on frescoes a very glory of color; on carvings that would have caused Verbruggen a sigh of envy. The guests poured in thick and noiseless as the pre-suming snowflakes. Servants, stiff and solemn as Puritan preachers, you, after the grim fashion of the Statue in the Don, in the direction of the roaring fire, where stood Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt receiving his guests with a very cheery "I am glad to see you." Some were for remaining by the fire, others for a dash into the picture-gallery, while not a few made for the stairs, taking in Vibert's naughty but nice picture en route. And the glorious dining-hall! Yes, in this hall, in which Lucullus might have decanted upon gazelle stuffed with violets and cream, and Cleopatra have melted the pearl, hundreds of Mr. Vanderbilt's guests were assembled, discussing high art in the shape of chef d'œuvres by Delmonico. Over ivory carvings worth a Jew's ransom bent Monsignor Capet over black-letter manuscripts perused Mr. W. M. Evans; opposite Millais's "Edgar" stood Campanini; in front of Le Bourget a group of Frenchmen, awed, silent, proud Mr. August Belmont discussed the merits of a recently acquired Millet, and Mr. Arthur Leary flung honorable and matrimonial glances at Sir Frederick Leighton's "Odalisque."

The well-bred crowd surged gently, breaking into waves and wavelets, collecting in knots opposite well known pictures, and occasionally casting a lone amateur into a corner, face to face with a painting for the possession of which he would surrender years of his life. The knowing ones glued themselves to Mr. Vanderbilt's latest acquisitions, Millet's "Sower"; Turner's "Fountain of Indolence"; Jules Bastien's "Rainbow"; Charles Barque's "Playing Chess on the Terrace"; and Jules Lefebvre's "Attiring the Bride." It was easy to determine the guests who visited the galleries for the first time, from their feverish anxiety for a catalogue, their religious exactitude in noting every picture on the walls. The habitués gathered their own bouquets, taking in a Germe, a Fortuny, or a Madrazo, as best suited their moods.

In a gallery, a bower of tropical plants, a band discoursed the most piquant of music, a polka Francaise, "Ein Uhr," causing gray-beards to wag their heads and brown ones to beat time as if to the maddening Czardas, or the acrobatic Cancan. Upstairs passed the vast assemblage, circulating in a manner that would have brought admiration to the heart of even a British policeman. All the bed-



MR. VANDERBILT RECEIVING THE GUESTS.

tune. Tell me, oh, tell me, he has asked to be relieved.

"He has," I replied; "he deserts you in your trouble."

"Thank Heaven!" she cried, sitting down and covering her face with her handkerchief. After a moment she became calmer, and looking at me with a smile, continued:

"I find it hard to understand my own mind. When I met Willard Fleming in New York, I was not impressed favorably with him. But with his first letter I changed my opinion. As our correspondence continued I learned to love him for his letters. They were those of a noble, true-hearted man. Yet when I came back I was cruelly disappointed. The man I had loved, the man who wrote those letters, had ceased to be. Willard Fleming impressed me, as at first, as a cold, trifling, selfish man. I did not love him; I grew to abhor him. I would sooner have died than marry him, yet I had no excuse. He has given me one. But the mystery remains. Has a man two souls, or who was it wrote me those letters?"

"The man stands before you," I replied, in a broken voice; "I wrote those letters."

Then I confessed the whole miserable deception, without sparing my own weakness and folly.

"It love be any excuse," I concluded, "it is all I have to offer. I could not bear never to hear from you again. I believed that you were favorably inclined to Willard, and I was weak enough to seize the opportunity of pouring out the sorrow and passion that filled my heart under his name. It may be you cannot pardon



VIEW LOOKING FROM THE CONSERVATORY.

rooms and dressing-rooms, and bathrooms, so sumptuous in their surroundings, were thrown open; all the libraries, and boudoirs, and sanctuaries were unvalued. The palatial mansion was in the hands of art Philistines, and wondrous were the criticisms of some—wondrous, prodigious! From four o'clock till seven did Mr. Vanderbilt's guests come to art as did the pre-Raphaelites, "neglecting nothing, rejecting nothing, scorning nothing"; and

only portion of this truly magnificent pile saved from the all-devouring flames is the Hall of the Senate. Of the magnificent Chamber of Deputies naught remains but grim-looking walls, browned by fire, the marble statue of Leopold I. standing amid the ruins in solemn grandeur. The library, with its priceless collection of records and unique parliamentary papers, is destroyed, together with the Hall of Examination. The wondrous Salle des Pas-Perdus has been engulfed, and with it the palatial reading-room. The material loss is estimated at three millions of francs. The Belgian Government is its own insurer, so the loss falls upon the powers that be. Our illustration represents the scene when the Deputies were aroused by the cry of "Fire! Fire!"

A Foreign-drilled Chinese Crew.

There is no doubt that China is much better prepared for war, both on land and sea, than she was twenty years ago. For years past troops have been carefully drilled and trained by competent European officers, and while the number of these disciplined soldiers may be comparatively small, they can easily, in an emergency, be made the nucleus of a much larger force, as the recruiting-ground is practically unlimited. Then, not only have foreign-made guns and engines of war been largely imported, but arsenals and cannon foundries have been established, and from these a large supply of guns, rifles and cartridges are annually produced. Chinese statesmen, too, have perceived that the junk, the typical vessel of China, is useless when pitted against modern vessels of war. They have, therefore, endeavored to reform their navy, though with less vigor and determination than

has been applied to the reconstruction of the army and of the fortifications. Still, a number of gunboats have been built in England and Germany, and their native crews have been carefully drilled by competent English officers. We give an illustration of one of these crews.



A CORNER OF THE NEW PICTURE-GALLERY.

the last man, as he received his coat and hat, and emerged into the outer darkness, muttered, as did the first, "What a palace! What a glorious collection of art treasure!"

HOW TO MANAGE TRAMPS.

THE New Jersey authorities are vigorously enforcing the laws for the suppression of the tramp nuisance, and they are likely to furnish a solution of the problem as to how the dangerous nomads are to be got rid of. In the City of Trenton, the capital of the State, the police and other authorities have taken hold of the matter with a vigor which has been productive of the best results. Up to a recent period an average of some thirty tramps have applied nightly for shelter at the police stations. These are carefully examined, and if they are found to be other than professional tramps they are furnished one night's shelter, with a breakfast, when they must move on. If they return, or if the applicants prove to be professionals, they are adjudged by the Police Justice to be disorderly persons and committed to the county jail at hard labor for a specified term. The term "at hard labor" means just what it says, the tramp being set to work at breaking the hardest kind of stone, and kept at it eight hours daily. Assistant Warden Yard, of the County Jail, said in a recent interview: "We have had here at one time last winter as many as 129 vagrants, of whom at least ninety were regular tramps; but now we have got only twenty-two. We set them to work as fast as we catch them—as far as we can—and that is frightening them away. Our arrangements are as yet not completed for working them all at once, but they will be extensive enough to employ all we can get in a few weeks more. The fellows who are incarcerated for petty offenses, such as drunkenness and fighting, who belong about here, we put to sawing and splitting wood in the jail. But the regular tramps, committed as such, we set to breaking stones; when we began working them it almost broke their hearts. They were prepared for anything except that. The dungeon, in total darkness day and night, with only bread and water to eat and drink, brought them to terms. A number of them held out for four days before they would agree to labor, and one chap endured the dungeon for seven days before he weakened. But they had to come to it, or they would be in the dungeon yet."

The wood-sawing is done in the basement of the jail. Here our artist found five men working industriously with buck and saw, while three others were splitting the wood into kindling and small stuff with axes. They were no idlers. Although completely sheltered from the wind, the place in which they worked had a raw, chilly atmosphere, and it was easy to believe that they worked pretty steadily to keep themselves from freezing. But they were fortunate in comparison with the tramps employed as stone breakers. Eight of these came under the artist's inspection. True representative tramps they were. Dirty, unkempt, ragged, sullen, slouchy, down-looking. An iron ball weighing eighteen pounds, attached to a heavy chain about five feet long, was made fast to a shackle on each man's leg. When going between the stoneryard and the jail, a short chain is attached to each individual's leg at such length that he can only take a short step. Each iron ball had a handle to carry it by when the wearer moved. The tramps worked under an open shed, in a small triangular lot, breaking big chunks of Goat Hill stone into small ones for road mending. The Goat Hill stone is famous as the hardest and toughest that the State of New Jersey produces. Two keepers, armed with revolvers, are constantly on guard. After a breakfast of a cup of coffee and half a loaf of bread at about eight o'clock, the tramps go to the yard and pound the stone. At noon they go back to the jail and get a dinner, consisting of meat stew and one quarter of a loaf of bread. When it is eaten they return to their pounding, and continue at it until half-past four o'clock, when they are marched to the jail for a supper of bread and coffee.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Burning of the National Palace, Brussels.

A veritable calamity has fallen on the City of Brussels, through the destruction by fire, on December 6th, of the National Palace at Brussels. The

The New Palace of the Italian War Ministry.

The new palace of the Minister of War is a somewhat heavy but substantial-looking building, its facade being on the street "20th-of-September." The edifice was formerly the Barberine Convent, and subsequently a military hospital. A few touches by the hand of an expert architect and it became the War Office. Much of the old convent appears in the interior, nor has the hospital been entirely obliterated. All around the inner quadrangle are the rooms of the chief officers, their names appearing in letters of gold on a blue ground. Here are the departments of the Minister of War, the Secretary-general, the Directors-general of Artillery, of Infantry, of Cavalry. Here is the private dwelling of the Minister, and here are the apartments of the staff, while a barrack capable of accommodating one hundred infantry and fifty horses is situated at the rear, giving on the Via Firenze. The Palazzo appears to give great satisfaction to those who dwell therein, as well as to those whose business calls them thither.

The Calcutta International Exhibition.

The progress of modern ideas in the vast empire of India is strikingly shown by the International Exhibition recently opened at Calcutta. It is only a quarter of a century since the Sepoy Mutiny desolated the land and threatened all the interests of civilization; and yet to-day the "City of Palaces" matches the international display of the peaceful arts made in Hyde Park, London, in 1857. The exhibition was opened on the 4th of December by Lord Ripon, the Viceroy. A large number of native princes were present. Calcutta proper, of which we give a panoramic view, is now a city of over 450,000 population, with a suburban population of 440,000, and is the largest emporium of trade in Asia. The Chowringhee quarter is eminently a city of palaces, albeit the dampness of the climate is wont to give the buildings rather a mildewy appearance; and the Esplanade or Maidan is one of the finest city pleasure grounds in the world.

The Birthplace of the Mahdi.

We give on page 398 an illustration of Dongola, the birthplace of the Mahdi, the leader of the Arab Mussulman revolt in the Sudan. In the view the Governor's residence is the principal building, nearest the Nile. It is a quadrangle, with a garden on its northern side. The Governor resides in the part next to this, the wing or side of the quadrangle. Next the river is the prison. To the south of the palace is the post-office. The street between it and the Governor's residence leads up to an open space, beyond which is the Bazaar, with a two-storied gateway. Still further from the river comes the desert, with hills in the distance. This town is New Dongola, on the left bank of the Nile. Old Dongola was higher up, on the right or east bank. All that is left of it now is an old Coptic church, with a solitary priest belonging to it. The people of the town have all moved to New Dongola.

A Deserted City.

It is not often an American town is doomed to declination, but Virginia City, Nevada, affords one instance, at least. Eight years ago Virginia City and Gold Hill, adjoining each other and practically one town, had 35,000 population. It was the largest community between Denver and San Francisco. There were merchants doing business with a million capital. There were private houses worth \$10,000 to build and furnish. There were stamp mills and mining structures that cost \$500,000 each. There were three daily newspapers, and a hotel that cost \$300,000. It was a teeming, busy and money-making population, and among the people were a score or more men worth from \$3,000 to \$30,000,000. There were three banks, a gas company, a water company, a splendid theatre and a costly courthouse. Eight years have passed and the town is a wreck. The 35,000 people have dwindled to 5,000. The banks have retired from business. The merchants have closed up and left; the hotel is abandoned; the gas company is bank-

rupt, and scores of costly residences have either been taken to pieces and moved away or given over to bats. Real estate cannot be given away for taxes. Nothing can be sold that will cost its worth to move away. The rich men have all gone. Those who remain are the miners, their superintendents, and the saloon men and gamblers. The latter are usually the first to come to a mining town and the last to leave. The cause of this decadence, which has swallowed up millions of capital and wrecked the worldly ambition of thousands of persons, is the failure of the Comstock mines to turn out additional wealth.

PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

THE ADIRONDACK FORESTS.

THE full extent of the influence of these forests upon us was undreamed of in the past. Who thought those great solitary creations of Nature would come knocking at the gates of New York to ask protection from the hand of the spoiler and protection from the all-devouring fire that for ever hang over them, watching the chance that a forgotten brand of the hunter might afford? Nobody thought of them, or their influence, or their dangers. Their grand solitudes and wild inhabitants of fur and of feather might tempt a denizen of the city to make their acquaintance in the brief sunny period of their leaf and blossom. He might be tempted even into their autumnal months, the temptations were so strong and so various. Nay, some of those visitors, when thus alone with Nature, may have dreamed of taking up with her their permanent abode—many have laid out money and skill and taste in attempts to realize their day-dream. But when the long, intense winter took a close grip of them—when lighted streets and social circles were things only to be remembered, that remembrance dispelled the dream and broke up the housekeeping. There was nothing for it then but to employ needier and harder men to move at once into the mansion and the winter to take care of the one and encounter the other.

We know of one such case, from which indeed we sketch this outline. Fortified in the mansion—amply provisioned, with just as much fuel as they might amuse themselves by cutting down—with a deer track in the snow now and then inviting them to bring out the rifle—with even an exuberance of smaller furs and feathers, and fish, too, in a half-mile pond belonging to the property, and with full health and bounding hearts—they knew only one want, that ineffaceable want, the want of human intercourse. That want, and that alone, brought them back to the city.

Now there happens to be in New York city—perhaps in any other city in the State—a supply, or an over supply, of men, and women and children, too, who, under circumstances far less inviting than those we have named, would go forth, and very gladly go forth, and form a colony or colonies in the precincts of those forests along the foot-hills of the mountains. Eligible ground could be selected of such kind that two or three acres, with other helps, would sustain a family—those holdings, too, in such positions as would enable the occupants to pay their rent in the care they must take of the forests. Ponds and rivulets abound in that region, and a head of water to drive machinery could soon be formed. Various articles of use, and even of beauty, could find their raw materials in the varieties of the forest. Round this business a village, doubtless, would soon spring up—or might be projected from the first—as a feature of the settlement. For a part of the year—probably the half of it—that machinery would find unbought propulsion. For the wintry half other pursuits, and even pleasures, would suggest themselves. Pleasure? It is a new word in the category of Political Economy as associated with the toilers. But let it stand. It may be prophetic and come into actual use by-and-by, perhaps to the benefit of all parties concerned.

The means by which those colonies along the foot of the mountains and on the outskirts of the forest would be able to protect the trees would naturally suggest themselves on examination of the ground, subject to test and experience. But there is one general object that might be held steadily in view. It is this: In our immense forests of the South and West fires of appalling magnitude not unfrequently take place. If the principles adopted by our fire departments were applied to those forests—if lines of isolation were run through them of such width that the fire could not leap across them—would not the effect be much the same as when a house or two are thrown down to save a street or a city? Even on those great timber lands the experiment might prove to be a successful one. But it is not of those lands we are speaking now. It is of our obtrusive Adirondacks that threaten evil to us if we do not heed them. Perhaps a line or lines of isolation here and there, if only a hundred yards wide, might prove to be a general protection. Those open lines would doubtless grow herbage that an odd cow or an odd sheep belonging to the poor colonist might find nutritious. They would help, too, to let sun and air into the forests and less or more promote their growth.

It is stated that a syndicate has in some way become possessed of a million of acres of these timbered solitudes, and lands jutting up to them, at the magnificent figure of one cent an acre. This may be so, or it may not be so. At any rate it is worth inquiring into. If a monopoly of this kind has seized hold of the forests, and if, as, of course, it could, it should coerce New York city and the intermediate water channels either to go dry or pay them for the preserved rainfall, it would put a new—no, not very new—but a very different face on the subject. But, however this may be—whether the forests and the rainfalls are yet as free as the Creator made them, or whether greed has got a grip of them, the subject is in the front now, and not at all likely to fall back till it is disposed of.

There may be better plans than we have in this off-hand way suggested. Let them be thrown out for discussion. This of ours aims slightly at "killing two birds with one stone." One, the fire-bird, whose wing for ever waves over the Adirondack forests; the other, a far bigger and more troublesome, and even more dangerous, bird, that roosts in some cases eight stories high in nests, or, as some call them, "rookeries," expressly built for their accommodation. What we have suggested might, in an indirect, roundabout way, lead to a general migration of those latter birds, not to the shadows of the Adirondack Mountains only, but to the boundless spaces outside toward the setting and southern sun—spaces that some men think were expressly created for them.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

TOPEKA, Kan., has elected Mr. Bradford Miller, a strict prohibitionist, as its Mayor.

STEPHEN A. DORSET, of Star Route notoriety, is said to aspire to be the first United States Senator from New Mexico.

LOUIS J. JENNINGS, formerly of the New York Times, is the author of a novel entitled "The Millionaire," just published in London.

It is expected that on the 9th of January at least 60,000 Italians from the provinces will enter Rome as Pilgrims to the tomb of Victor Emmanuel.

LAST Christmas Day was the fifty-third the Assistant Secretary of State William Hunter has spent in the diplomatic service of the United States.

BISHOP MARTY, who is looking after the parishes in the vicinity of Fargo, Dakota, says that Sitting Bull will not become a member of the Catholic Church at present.

REPRESENTATIVE HEWITT, the new Chairman of the Committee on Pensions, was a captain in the Confederate service, and was wounded severely at Chickamauga.

OWING to the state of his health and declining years, Professor Owen has resigned his appointment as superintendent of the Natural History departments of the British Museum.

SIR GEORGE MACPHERSON GRANT gets \$18,500 a year for the use of his hunting ground in the Scottish Highlands, which extends over 60,000 acres, and abounds in deer, grouse and other game.

MRS. ANN ELIZA ROSECRANS, wife of General W. S. Rosecrans, of California, died last week at the family residence in Washington. She had been confined to her bed by cerebral hemorrhage for nearly a year.

THE Empress of Austria has ordered that her stables in England be dismantled, as her physician has forbidden her to hunt. The Empress is now devoting herself to literary work, poetry being her specialty. She has started a printing press at the Imperial Palace at Goodall.

THE Royal Academy of Science of Turin has conferred on Mr. Hormuzd Rassam the first grand prize of \$2,400, in consideration of the services he has rendered to science by his Assyrian and Babylonian discoveries, the results of which are deposited in the British Museum.

THE announcement is made that Reuben R. Springer, famous for his gifts to the public, has bequeathed to the Cincinnati Art Museum his valuable art collection, also certain pictures willed him by a niece. It is also stated that he has given \$10,000 more to the College of Music in Cincinnati for a new building.

LEO XIII. is almost constantly embellishing the Vatican in some way, and superintends all work in person. Recently he had some frescoing done, and he chambered up to the top of the scaffold to inspect the work at close quarters. Finding it not up to the standard he ordered work stopped and all that had been done effaced.

MR. ARTHUR PERL, who is announced as the coming Speaker of the English House of Commons, is a very presentable sort of a gentleman—tall, dignified and, without good looking. Nor is there any reason to believe that he is wanting in either judicial calm or in decision, though, of course, he has much to learn in the way of managing unruly members.

MR. P. T. BARNUM is determined, if possible, to prevent any contest over his will on the ground of insanity. He has just drawn up a codicil to his will in presence of his family physician and two other well-known physicians of Bridgeport, Conn., one an allopathist and the other a homeopathist, all of whom witnessed his signature and made oath to his sanity and ability to dispose of his property.

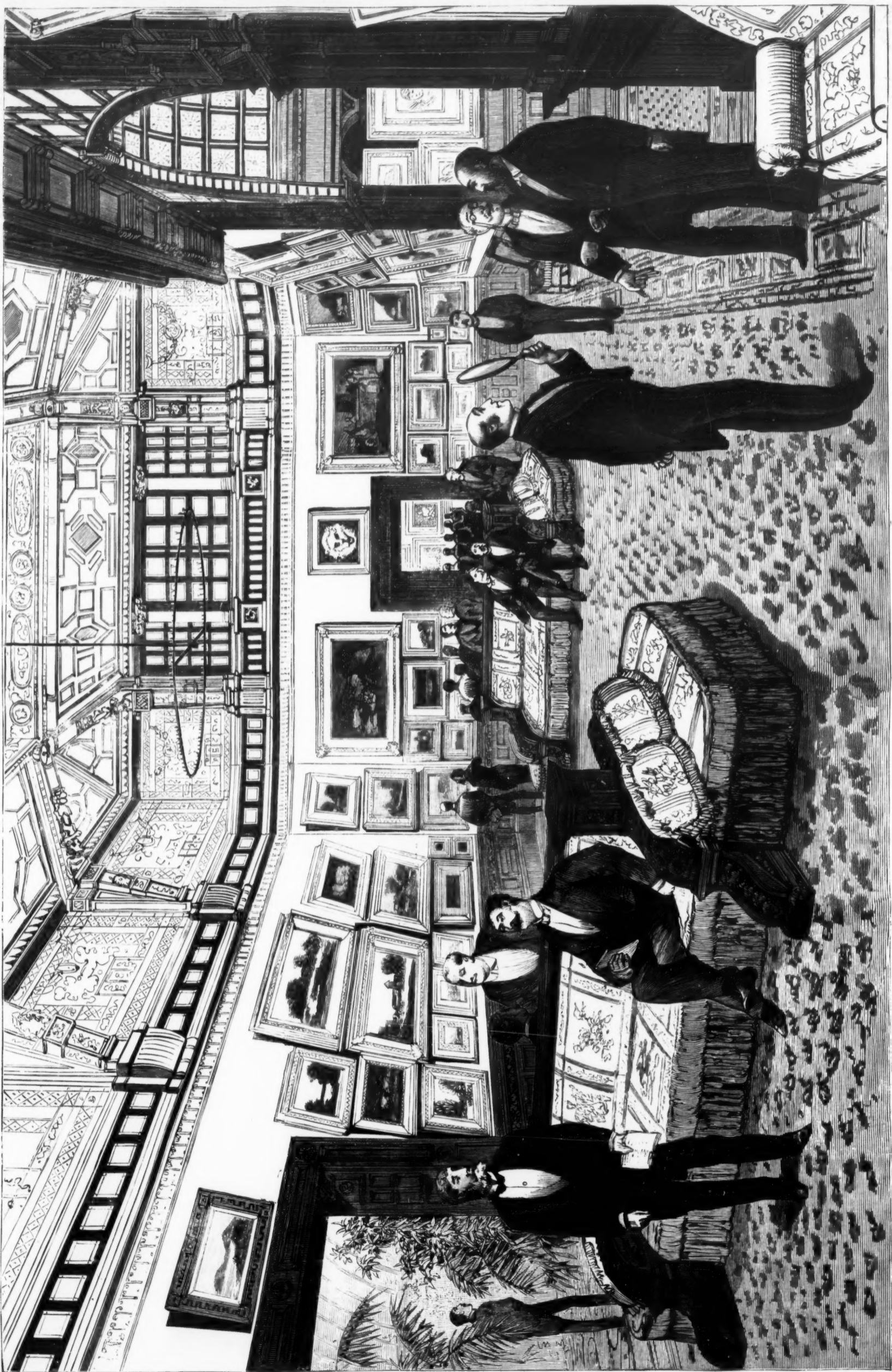
ALPHONSE DAUDET is forty years old, wears his black hair so long that it reaches his shoulders, and has a benign, almost ministerial, countenance. Owing to his extreme short-sightedness he some years ago met with a serious accident on the street, and since then he has walked out but little, and has become as well known to Paris cabmen as Victor Hugo used to be to omnibus-drivers. He is greatly assisted in his literary work by his wife.

MOODY and Sankey had great success in their mission work at Stepney, England, the interest extending to lower classes of the population than heretofore. Ferment and crowded inquiry meetings were held, and thousands of people have been converted. The attendance at the churches in Stepney has been largely increased. The mission services will be resumed at Clapham, whither the iron mission hall will in the meantime be removed. From Clapham the evangelists will go to Stratford. They have engagements up to July.

WORD comes of the marriage, at Tokio, Japan, on November 8th, of Miss Sitemaiz Yamagawa to Mr. Oyama Iwao. The bride, a native of Japan, was educated at Vassar College, and returned to her childhood's home about a year ago, leaving behind her in this country many warm friends. Her husband is the Japanese Minister of War, and one of the Seng. He was born in Satsuma, and was one of the earliest and strongest supporters of the Mikado. He was educated in France, and has taken his bride to a palatial home containing every convenience and luxury known to European civilization.

THE President's private secretary was kept busy for two or three days before Christmas in signing express receipts for gifts to the President, the features of which were numerous umbrellas and walking-sticks. They were of every conceivable design and material, and many were of considerable value, owing to the elaborate carvings of the gold, silver, and ivory handles. When the domestics employed at the White House greeted the President on Christmas morning, each received a small envelope, containing fifteen dollars in crisp greenbacks, and the display of their ivories exceeded that in the room set apart for the exhibition of the cases and umbrellas. Later in the day the President attended St. John's Episcopal Church, a square north of the Executive Mansion, and was accompanied by Matthew Arnold, who occupied a seat in the President's pew.

THE statue of Harriet Martineau by Miss Whitney was unveiled in the Old South Meeting House, Boston, on the 26th ult., in the presence of a large number of spectators, mostly ladies. An address was delivered by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, and speeches by Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison, Jr. The statue is of heroic size and cost between \$12,000 and \$15,000, all of which was subscribed by women. Before the ceremonies Mrs. Livermore, in stating the reason why the statue was raised, said: "It was largely due to Miss Martineau's single, unaided efforts that we escaped a war with England during our civil war. She wrote editorials to the London papers, wrote almost daily for months to the London News, and explained and apologized and worked unceasingly for our cause. To her and to John Bright of England we owe a debt of gratitude impossible to acknowledge."



NEW YORK CITY.—MR. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT'S ART GALLERY, IN HIS FIFTH AVENUE MANSION — THE PRESS RECEPTION OF DECEMBER 21ST.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 310.



COLORADO.—A SNOW-SLIDE ON CRESTED BUTTE, OF THE ELK MOUNTAIN RANGE.
SEE PAGE 300.

FOR A SONG'S SAKE.

By PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

CHAPTER VI.—MRS. FLORENCE HEATHER.
(CONTINUED.)

WHEN a wife proves unfaithful to her husband, or vice versa, or when one of the two persons engaged to be married finds elsewhere, before the holy event is consummated,

"Metal more attractive,"

the excuse generally made is that love came like a thief in the night, and before one had time to cry "Thief!" the treasure of a heart had been stolen. For my own part, I consider this excuse a most utter sham. I believe Love to be a thief who lets us know very well what he is about. Don't you think, if we listen carefully, we can hear him picking locks, and forcing bolts? I am not even sure that, as he comes lightfooted up the stairs, he does not come singing a sweet old tune—the tune which has been heard ever since the world began. Somewhere there is an excitement in fearing that this old thief is knocking about in the vicinity of our treasure-room. If we once owned this fact to ourselves, many of us would have to spring up, vanquish him on the spot, or fly. So we say: "Oh, this is not Love!" and we lie at rest. Perhaps, indeed, when our treasure has been taken off, and handed in where it has been repudiated as stolen property, we may rise too late, wring our hands, and cry shame on the traitor. But he only laughs, the sly rascal: he knows well enough that no policeman can take him into custody. Don't you think Love was on larceny bent, in a certain case we know of? Ah, me, but I have my fears!

The next Tuesday found Montague with his sketches in Mrs. Heather's drawing room. He had hoped for a long *l'été-à-l'été* with her, but in this he was to be disappointed, for they had only just begun to look at the sketches when Mr. Pinlake was announced. The smile on Mrs. Heather's face showed very plainly that she had noted the not very amiable expression which darkened Montague's as the bard, with a sweet look, almost ran into the room.

"You're just in time to see some of Mr. Montague's sketches which he has kindly brought to show me," remarked Mrs. Heather. "Then I am doubly glad I came," said the poet. "Do you know it was quite impossible for me to come yesterday. I assure you I am speaking the truth." To which the lady replied that she could quite believe it.

Then they turned to the sketches. "How I like this," said Mrs. Heather. She was looking at the drawing of an old country church, seen in brilliant Summer sunlight.

"It has," she went on, "that pathetic look of mild fatuity which is, I think, just as remarkable in old places as in old people—especially when you see them basking in a strong light."

"How perfectly true what you say is," sighed Mr. Pinlake, lifting his eyes heavenward as he spoke. He was always the first to applaud Mrs. Heather's points, and reminds me, in that, of a good-natured fellow, who, every evening during its run, witnessed the performance of a friend's comedy, in order that he might, as he said, establish the points. This was done by applauding loudly, and convulsing himself with laughter at all the best jokes, an example which the audience could not choose but follow. How he managed to laugh so well every night at the jokes he so well knew is a mystery to me, but that he did so is upon record.

"A French peasant girl washing clothes in a brook," exclaimed Mrs. Heather, describing the next sketch she came to. "Did you ever see water quite so blue, Mr. Montague? I don't think I ever did. Don't you think, Mr. Pinlake, the arm of the girl is too big for her body? One doesn't see, poor thing, quite how she can ever manage to raise it."

Of course Mr. Pinlake perfectly agreed, and moreover, laughed sweetly and lowly, and rubbed his little plump hands together—proceedings which were not enjoyed by the artist, who was not lacking in sensitiveness to healthy criticism. Anything that Mrs. Heather had said directly to him, if he had not liked, he could still have borne with perfect good humor; but that she should appeal to Pinlake about his work, that Pinlake should sit in judgment upon it, that he should laugh at his expense—all this was more than he could bear; and let us remember, too, that his temper had been very early disturbed by the appearance of the gentleman in question.

"As it's by far the best work I've brought," he remarked, moodily, "and seems to afford you so much amusement, I do not think there is any use in your going further through the collection."

Mrs. Heather raised her eyes, with a rather surprised look in them, and said, very quietly: "I think you're mistaken. If you will allow me, I will turn over a few more."

To which Montague replied of course he had no choice in the matter.

"This is delicious!" she said, "and this," turning to another, "how very beautiful it is. Mr. Pinlake, is this not divinely lovely?"

"Oh, quite supremely beautiful," he replied. "If you thought one girl's arm out of drawing, you must own that this lady's foot is just in proportion to her form."

But Montague knew the meaning of their speech. His quick eyes detected the satire that lurked in Mrs. Heather's smile, and the look with which she glanced at Pinlake as she spoke.

"Why don't you say the truth?" he cried. "Really, Mr. Montague, you are the first gentleman who has accused me of not telling the truth."

"No; of course, I don't mean that," he returned, "but you are silent about the things you don't like."

"You're an odd man. You neither like mild censure nor strong praise," she remarked. "Oh, you painters and poets! What shall we do to please you?"

"I think you always please us when you let us show you our work, and tell us what you really think of it," observed Mr. Pinlake in his very blandest tone of voice.

"That does seem to have been the result in the present case," she said, with a smile. "I tell you what, Mr. Pinlake, you must come very soon, and read me some more of your forthcoming volume, and, mind, you must be pleased with everything I say just to reinstate me in my own good opinion!"

But though they tried to talk and laugh there was a constraint upon the little company. Presently Mr. Pinlake said he had another call to make, and so took his leave. As soon as the door had been closed on him, Montague took up the sketches that were lying on the table, and tore them in pieces.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Mrs. Heather, in a voice of studied indifference.

"Because," he replied, "because you laughed at me, because you must appeal to him. You do know about my art, and so have a right to speak; but what does he know, a miserable, little, inconsiderate poem-monger, who grows virtues to flavor, his rhymes with—Patience, Unselfishness, Trust in man, and who knows what good things besides, and as he turns out poems by the ream, of course the stock of these merits is exhausted. None left, I assure you, for domestic use."

"I'm sorry you done that," looking at the torn sketches on the table. "Some of them were as good as they could be; they didn't please me all equally; and many, whether you like to hear it or not, were horribly out of drawing."

"Have I been behaving badly this afternoon?" he asked.

"Yes—very badly. You have been rude and sulky; but I make some allowance for you. I saw how your face clouded over when your aversion came in."

"He had only quite recently become my aversion, but now he is for ever hanging about. One can never have a quiet word with you. Well, I am punished for my ill temper. There lies, torn up, much of the work of three years. Do you want me to go now, or may I stay with you a little longer?"

"At seven I must dress for a dinner party. I will be very much pleased if you will stay till then."

So he grows strangely tranquil, and sits down. Her beauty ever more and more draws his eyes with a resistless fascination. After a pause, he says: "May I tell you something?"

"I suppose you may, but I should think you know best."

"I want to tell you," he says, "that you have the most beautiful face in the world."

"Thank you. We are all vain alike, you know."

"Now will you answer me a question?" he goes on.

"Very likely; I am sure I will if I can."

"Tell me, then, should you not have known that if I had said nothing about it?"

"Must I answer that quite frankly?"

"You must."

"Well, then, I did think that, after we had been together a little time, from some cause or other you did rather like to look at me."

"I knew you couldn't help knowing it," he answered, and his looks became rhapsodies.

"You make life seem so painfully short," he went on. "If I were to see you for years and years how many new beauties, I wonder, should I find out in every hour?"

"Now, don't be absurd," she answered, but not as if ill-pleased. "I think the conversation is getting a little frivolous. Suppose you read me part of a poem some one has been kind enough to send me. I can't make out, for the life of me, what it's all about; but you're clever, and can, I've no doubt."

"How swiftly the hour and a half goes! The little French clock on the mantelpiece strikes seven, in its sweet, silvery voice."

Montague gets up to go. He holds her hand for quite a long time, looks at her with a lingering, earnest look. Then he says Good-by as if he hated very much to say the words, and she asks:

"When may I come to the studio?"

"When there is something to show you. Don't you think a visit from you will be something to work for? Good-by."

As Hannah, Mrs. Heather's maid, helps to get her mistress ready, she exclaims:

"Why, ma'am, what a lovely color you have in your cheeks to-night, and your eyes are so bright. I know all the gentlemen at the party will be in love with you."

At which Mrs. Heather tells her not to be foolish, but, looking in the glass, is obliged to own to herself that the remarks are not ill-founded. Few women can be indifferent to the homage and admiration of a man who is anything in the world's eyes, and when, besides this, he is a handsome man, with a manner strangely magnetic towards those by whom he is attracted, the result is often to cause a thrill stronger even than that of gratified vanity.

As Herbert walked away from Brook Street he asked himself, seriously, if his interest in that quarter were not growing too strong, but he most satisfactorily answered the question in the negative. He would not disguise the truth from himself, and why should he? He worshiped Mrs. Heather's beauty. He worshipped her intellect. For Mabel he had a warm, petting love. He had no real love for Mrs. Heather, but he worshiped her, and to worship was good and pleasant. Whither he was tending he scarcely knew, till he found he was at the steps of his long disused club.

He turned in, ordered a nice little dinner, partook freely of good wine, and was very brilliant afterwards in the smoking room, where he remained till the small hours.

As Montague walked home it seemed to him that the May dawn was feverishly warm. The

little wind there was felt like a breath upon his face, an opinion in which people who passed him, shivering, evidently did not concur. Standing in his room, that early May morning, he thought how often in long past days he had stood thus in the dawning. Among letters and cards of invitation which lay upon the table was a line of good-night from Mabel. It was a dear, tender little letter. When he had read it he kissed it passionately, and did not put it with its companions in a drawer out of sight, and labeled "Mabel's Letters." No! this letter he thrust into the breast pocket of his coat. Was the man fool enough to think that a little inked paper could stand between him and a new dart—if love were willing to wing me? All that day he painted away hard at his picture, which was making rapid progress, and when Mabel asked where were his sketches, he replied that Mrs. Heather was keeping them for a day or two. It was the first untruth he had ever told her, but when he came to remember that among the sketches he had torn up were many he had made of Mabel in the early days, and by which they both set great store, he saw in what a tremendous rage he must have been. A man of moderate common sense, seeing danger ahead, would have fled from it, but a gentleman of Mr. Montague's superior wisdom determined on pursuing precisely the opposite course. He would see all he could of Mrs. Heather; he would tire himself of her, and if, when the season was over, he were not tired, then good-by. If any nonsense had crept into his head, the sea-winds and the sea waves would soon take it out. What a different life was the one into which he now plunged to that which he had been leading! All the day he painted till late, then he put on his evening dress, and dined at the club, or he ate a hurried chop at home, while Mabel would busy herself in getting his things ready. I wonder, was she very fond of these dress clothes? Anyhow, she did her duty by them. How carefully she brushed them! How neatly she inserted the studs in his shirt! Did he think much about her, and the lonely times she must have had? Not very much, I am afraid, and then why should he? Was she not always cheerful? Did he not still kiss her from time to time? Did he not call her by the old pet names? Sometimes he would say to her:

"I shall be glad, my darling, for your sake and mine, when this season is over. It won't be very long now, dear, before it is, and it is certainly bearing fruit; my hands are quite full of commissions. My picture in the Academy is a real success. Who knows whether, in a little time, I may be rich enough to acknowledge you my wife openly, and leave the old gentleman to give or keep his money, just as he pleases. By-the-way, Mabel, could you play the piano, if you had one?"

"Yes, I could play," she answered.

"You can? Then what a fool I have been! You shall have one in to-morrow, dear. So you won't be lonely any more then." And with a kiss, and a bright smile, he left her. Very handsome he looked. The double life of work and excitement that he was leading told on him, visibly but becomingly. His handsome face looked handsomer for being extremely pale, and his eyes were almost of unnatural brilliancy. Wherever Mrs. Heather was, there was he, till all society talked of it. And Mabel, what of her? Had she any trouble in her heart? Look at her this June night as she stands before her husband, fixing a flower in his coat. He always wears a rose. Do you think she says in her heart, in the words of our great poet:

"I shall never be friends again with roses."

"Shall I do, Mabel?" he asks.

"Yes, dear," she answers, cheerfully, "you look quite irresistible. You won't leave a lady in the room heart-whole!"

He tells her not to be foolish, and goes. In another half-hour he is making his way through a crowded room to where Mrs. Heather is standing, with a little court round her, as usual. As he approaches, the little court breaks up. As soon as he comes she seems to care for no other admiration.

"Horribly bored, aren't you?" he asks.

"Not now," she replies.

Let us leave these people, the smell of flowers fading in the gaslight, the wonderful pre-Raphaelite women, the din of voices, the intellect, the love-making, the deceit, the jealousy, and all the rest of it, and go back to the house in Museum Street; go gently up stairs. Faintly you hear the notes of a piano—now they cease—let us enter—for are not you, as I, O! reader, on the free list of spirits? Mabel is sitting at the piano, bowed over the keys, her face in her hands; she is sobbing to herself—she, who once sang so merrily. Is she crying like this, only because she is left so much alone? When Montague comes home in the early dawning, she will be placidly asleep, or pretend to be. Sometimes, thus lying, she will hear him pacing up and down the studio, having taken off his boots so as not to wake her. She will smell the odor of his pipe, then she will hear him cast himself on the sofa, and listen to him breathing heavily, as people do when sleep is caused by exhaustion. Then she will get up and throw a rug over him, and look, with what a love, at his pale, handsome face. Perhaps she will venture to kiss his hand. Was it only her fancy, that once as he walked to and fro, she heard him cry to himself: "Ah! great god of love, help me, and let this thing not be?" or did she dream it?—she dreams of him so much. She dresses herself quietly, takes very little breakfast, then goes out—on domestic duties bent. When she comes in, she thinks it is time to wake Herbert so she wakes him with a kiss, and has a cup of strong coffee ready for him. He calls her a dear little woman, drinks it off, springs up, and having divested himself of his evening clothes, and taken a cold bath, seems, for the time being, to have washed off all the dust

of society, and is quite disposed for something to eat. After which he gets to work.

"Mabel," he says one day, "Mrs. Heather and her friend Mrs. Jackson are coming to-morrow to see my picture. See that I have a nice little lunch for them, please. You poor child, will have to keep in the next room. You won't be able to see Mrs. Heather but if it will be of any interest to you, you can hear her voice. There is no chance of your confusing it with Mrs. Jackson's, for, like herself, Mrs. Jackson's voice is naturally shallow, and artificially sweet." Mabel smiles assent, and promises to see to the lunch.

The next day is a sultry, slumbrous Summer day. Immense heat of veiled sunlight seems to weigh upon the land. Even the strawberry-sellers called out their wares exhaustedly. About all the arrangements for the lunch, Montague was extremely fidetly—nothing seemed to please him. At length Mabel said:

"Dear, don't you think you're a little hard to please?"

To which he answered with a sigh, that if everything else went wrong, at least he knew the wine was good.

"There! there! Mabel," he said, with some irritability, "no one's blaming you, it's not your fault, you did your best; but, of course, you don't know about these things. I know how differently it would be done at Luck's. Oh, for Heaven's sake don't look as if you were going to cry!"

"I am not going to cry," she answered. "I suppose it might be better, but I think it's very well. Isn't it time for them to come? If he had known what pride she had taken for getting up that lunch of his, his natural kindness of heart would have kept him from finding fault with it."

Just then there was a sharp knock at the street door, and Mabel fled to the room, from which soon she heard a low rustle of dresses, and a voice, which she knew at once, from his description of it, to be Mrs. Heather's, said:

"We have brought you a few flowers, Mr. Montague, just to keep us in your mind a little, after we are gone."

"Do you think," he answered, "that my memory will need any stimulant?"

"Now, please show us the picture," she soon said.

"Here it is, then, and, as you will see, not quite finished, though very nearly."

Mrs. Jackson is instantaneous with her verdict. She pronounces it to be a lovely thing—knew from the very first that he could do fine work.

"But what do you think?" he asks of Mrs. Heather, with painful impatience. "Have I succeeded or not? Let me know my fate!"

"You have succeeded," she says, speaking under her breath. "I have never, in all my life, seen such a splendidly tragic face. The eyes have just the look you described to me, when you told me what you wished to have. It is the face of one waiting quietly for the end, for the blow which she knows must fall and crush her."

"Of course," puts in Mrs. Jackson, "that's the great point of the picture. You see she can't escape her fate."

"And what a beautiful face it is!" says Mrs. Heather. "You remember that afternoon you were so cross with me, and tore up all your sketches. This is the same face I saw in many of those."

Thus at length, and in this unexpected way, Mabel heard the truth, for when again and again she had questioned her husband about the sketches, he replied always that he could not remember to bring them away. "Not if she tied a knot in his handkerchief?" "Not if she tied fifty!" Now she heard the truth. I wonder how she liked it.

"It is," he rejoined. "She's by far the best model I have!"

What more was said about the picture need not here be related. In due time the lunch was served, and there was a clatter of knives and forks, and a popping of corks, and a great deal of laughter. Luncheon over, Montague puts before Mrs. Jackson a pile of sketches.

"I want you," he says, "if you will take so much trouble, to go very carefully through these, marking the ones that you like."

Mrs. Heather is about to join in examining the sketches when he gives her a look which she knows now how to interpret.

"I brought them all to you long ago," he says. "Please take this chair," giving her the one that stands most in shadow in the room. Then he throws himself on the ground at her feet. "Thank you for coming," he says, in a tone of voice only just audible.

"Thank you for letting me come," replies she, in a voice so strangely and subtly sweet. There is no ray of the coquette in this woman. She draws and holds you simply by that mighty power of attraction which is hers.

"At what time have you told the carriage to call?" he asks, presently.

"What a strange question to ask!" she answers, with a laugh. "At five o'clock. Poor fellow! did he think he wasn't going to be bored so long?"

"I want to know how much time I have in which to realize that you are here. It is now just half-past three. One hour and a half—that is all!"

"And won't it seem a long time to you?" she asks.

"Don't mock me," he answers—"don't! Do you know that I have never seen you looking quite so beautiful as you are looking to-day?"

"But you tell me that every time!"

"Because every time it is the truth! Give that to me," he says, putting up his hand for the rose she is wearing in her dress.

She glances around to see if Mrs. Jackson is properly occupied with her sketches, and, finding that lady is not looking, she takes the flower from her dress and gives it to him. I am bound to say of Mrs. Jackson that she made a most desirable gooseberry. If she did not understand geniuses, she understood lovers

perfectly. If she lacerated men of imagination by her praise, she meant well.

"That picture makes me very proud of you," said Mrs. Heather.

"Does it?" he cried, in a passionate outburst of delight. "Don't you know I only paint now to win your approval?"

"Is that quite true?"

"Most solemnly it is."

The hour and a half flies, and at the expiration of it Mrs. Jackson's carriage is announced.

"May I drive back with you?" he asks.

"I wish you would."

"I will then."

As they are on their way to Tavistock Square, Mrs. Jackson asks: "Now, won't you come in and have dinner with us, Mr. Montague? Florence is going to spend the evening with us. Have you any other engagement?"

"I have another engagement," he answers, "but I will break it. I am due at Lady Whittier's at eight, to dinner."

"Surely you wouldn't disappoint her?" asks Mrs. Jackson. "Such an important person as she is for all painters to stand well with."

Mrs. Heather says nothing, but there is a wonderful look of triumph on her face.

"It's well worth a fit," he answers gayly, and then he says to the coachman: "Stop at the next telegraph-office you come to."

They came to one very soon—he gets down and sends the following dispatch:

"So sorry. Quite prostrated. Have hoped against hope. Forgive, but don't forget."

When they reach the house, Mrs. Jackson flutters up-stairs, and Montague and Mrs. Heather are left together in the large drawing-room, full of flowers, from the scent of which all the air is heavy. When two persons sit down very near each other, and say nothing for several minutes, I opine that things have gone pretty far between them. At length he speaks:

"Shall you forget this day?"

"No, never!" she answers.

"And I—God knows I shall not!" he replies. Then silence again, which he is the first to break:

"Will you let me thank you?"

"For what?"

"Just for being—for sweetening life, as the rose sweetens all the air around it."

"I don't think," she said, a beautiful smile coming round the corners of her lips, "that I want much thanks on that ground."

At that moment Mr. Jackson came in.

That evening Montague thought nothing of the future; he gave himself up wholly to the delight of worshipping; his looks were more passionate than the most passionate of written love-poems. He would have liked all the world to have seen his adoration. It was past one before he left the house. He didn't go to his club, nor did he go home; but he walked about the streets smoking. He could not disguise from himself any longer how awfully he was fascinated by this woman. The season was nearly over, and was he tired of her? Did she not every day acquire a stronger hold upon him? What was he doing? Whither was he drifting? He could never marry her. Then he thought of his wife, who so loved him, who had served him so faithfully. Should he be less a man than Jim Bludso, and he quoted aloud the words of that fine American poet, Captain John Hay:

"He seen his duty a dead sure thing,
And went for it thar and then!"

He would be a man, yet; he would go for his duty in the same way; he would see Mrs. Heather no more; he would return to his wife; and, saying to himself: "Never again, never again," he went back to Museum Street.

"You didn't come back to dress for Lady Whittier's," said Mabel, the next morning. "I suppose you didn't go?"

"No, I sent a telegram. Really, I didn't feel up to it. I have done with society for this season, and while I'm putting the last touches to my picture, Mab, we'll have a nice, quiet week or two, and then for France!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

REMOVING SNOW IN RICHMOND.

OUR illustration of the method of removing snow from the streets of Richmond, Va., tells its own story. The custom in that city is to remove the snow from the main streets into those running towards the river, where streams of water are applied by means of hose, and the accumulations are washed away into the James. The shovels used in the work of removal resemble the old-fashioned scoops still in use in many parts of the North, each being drawn by one horse or mule.

PROFESSOR CHARLES F. DOWD AND THE NEW STANDARD TIME.

PROFESSOR CHARLES F. DOWD is a Presbyterian clergyman, well-known in educational circles as Principal of the Temple Grove Seminary for Young Ladies, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Professor Dowd is of New England birth, and his attention was first turned to the readjustment of the time standard some twenty years ago. Travelers, railroad managers and business men know of the confusion formerly caused by running trains by local time on the different lines. It was not uncommon to find several different standards of time adopted on a single route, and two or more clocks would be placed in the same depot, indicating different times, which varied from a few minutes to a whole hour. No general principle governing these variations, the traveler's watch became a puzzle, and he found himself quite at sixes and sevens as regarded the hour of the day. Telegraphic dispatches, also, were apt to be paradoxical, arriving in the west before they were sent from the east; while in telegraphing from east to west, culpable delays could be concealed by the indeterminate variation in time. Professor Dowd sought to provide a remedy for these perplexities, and as early as October, 1869, had completed the outlines of a longitudinal system of national time.

In England the signal ball at Greenwich proclaimed the hour of noon from John O'Groat's to Land's End. As England has a difference of but half an hour in meridian time, while France, computing from Paris, has less than an hour, it is easy, in those countries, to govern time from

their prime meridians. But the great expanse of the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific would not admit of one arbitrary time standard, for the difference is four hours of solar time. It was while meditating upon this difficulty that the idea of hour sections attracted the attention of Professor Dowd. Using the familiar figure, which supposes the sun to "rise" and "set," we may say that the sun describes the whole circle of the earth, or 360 degrees, in twenty-four hours; therefore it occupies one hour in traversing fifteen degrees. A line of clocks could be stationed, one every fifteen degrees across the entire continent, with the minute hands at the same figure. Then, by setting the hour hand of the clock on the prime meridian at noon, and setting back that of each clock westward one hour for each fifteen degrees, the clocks would all be made to beat and strike in unison, telling the proper local hour, while, by an instantaneous mental computation, one could tell what was the hour in any one of the twenty-four meridional sections of the globe.

Professor Dowd at first took the national meridian of Washington for the prime standard, and located three other standards fifteen degrees apart, westward. This done, he worked out the longitudes of about 8,000 stations along the lines of some 500 railroads. From the longitudes thus found, he worked out an index for each station, to show how the local time of that station differed from the standard time of the hour section in which it was located. He had a map engraved and colored to show the hour sections, with a heavy line running through the middle of each section to show where the standard meridian was located. In December, 1871, Professor Dowd presented the subject to the New England Railway Association at its meeting in Boston. A committee was appointed to consider the practicability of the system; a favorable report was prepared and embodied in a circular sent to all the railway superintendents in the country. It had a good educational effect, but it expended itself mainly in discussions. The hour system, from the first, seemed to be accepted by all. The question was mainly about the location of standards. Western men thought that Jefferson City (Mo.) time, the time of the second hour section, was located too far west; that by adopting New York time for the prime standard, the second hour standard would fall midway between Chicago and St. Louis time, which would exactly suit the roads of the Mississippi Valley. Professor Dowd reconsidered the problem of systems to meet these practical wants. It occurred to him that on all maps both Washington and Greenwich longitudes are marked, and that by adopting the Greenwich longitude, using the fifth hour, or seventy-fifth meridian, for the prime standard, the demand would be nearly met, and the longitude system equally well preserved. Accordingly, he adopted the Greenwich longitude and laid out the hour sections upon that as the basis.

During the year 1873 little progress was made, but finally the committees of the Western and Southern Railway Association, and that of the New England Association, essentially agreed upon the seventy-fifth meridian for the prime standard. Professor Dowd drew up an agreement in Chicago pledging each railway manager who signed it to begin using the standard time of the nineteenth meridian, after a majority of the roads in that vicinity should enter into the agreement. The managers of several of the most important roads of Chicago signed the paper, but it was not carried to any effective issue.

In the Spring of 1877 Professor Dowd published another pamphlet entitled "The Superintendent's Standard Time Guide," in which he showed how the system would be, if started upon the New York meridian as the prime standard, and how many minutes each superintendent would need to change his present time standard in order to bring his time into this system. This was sent to every railway superintendent in the country, and the responses to it showed that longitude standards had gained a great headway since the first work upon this subject was published. Later he got out another work, entitled, "The Railway Time Adjuster," having for its object the adjustment of railway time, as given in the time-tables of railway guides to this system of longitude standards by means of indexes. This work was scattered very widely through the country. In 1879 Professor Dowd attempted to have the railway guides attach the appropriate index to each time-table, and then to have a list of index places, for the correction of the traveler's watch, so as effectually to have the "Time Adjuster" embodied in the guide. He offered to furnish gratis these indexes, and the list of index places, for the "Traveler's Official Guide," on condition that they should be used. The editor, William F. Allen, was compelled to decline its use for lack of space, but wrote to Professor Dowd that he would acknowledge the utility of the system. In 1881 Mr. Allen was appointed by the Western Time Convention a committee to look into the subject, and from that time he persistently urged the matter at the annual meetings of the National Railway Association, until it was generally adopted, and the system now controls the movements of trains from Eastport, Me., to San Francisco, and a man need not reset his watch to know the actual time of day in the section through which he is being whirled by steam power.

Professor Dowd's labor in this field has been enormous. Beyond the copyright on his pamphlets, he receives no pecuniary compensation, though if that secured him a royalty on each railroad's time schedule, there would be literally "millions in it." Many scientists did not hope for the adoption of the new system during the present century; but the busy and useful life of its inventor has been spared to see his theories accepted as scientific facts and reduced to practice.

A MASKED BALL ON THE EAST SIDE.

MURRAY HILL has its rival on the East Side. A fancy ball is a fancy ball, and the East Side folk can impersonate demons and courtiers, and knights and heathen gods, and policemen and Patlanders, with not, perhaps, the same cold-blooded elegance and cultured finish, but certainly with greater vigor, and more acrobatic adaptation to the characters assumed for the nonce. A demon on the East Side is a particularly troublesome customer, and a policeman is a terror. A monk is the most unholiest of men, and a nun a howling reprobat; while as for the wild Indians, their war-cries and shriekings would raise scalps. The dancing is of the most joyous character, the Hibernians "welling the fure" and "humorin' the music" in a manner betokening the highest spirit of Carnival combined with the utmost elasticity of leg. If the figures are not always correct, good-humored buffettings set the delinquent dancers to rights, and fun grows fast and furious till supper is announced, when the assembled company fall to, and turkey does duty for canvas-back, and lager beer for champagne. Supper over, the dancing is renewed with frenzy till the gray dawn; and if the East Side folks do not hie home in carriages, it is because they prefer to add one more drop to the cup of their joy by singing through the streets to the unqualified delight of the real policeman.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

In an elaborate letter to the London Times, Mr. Norman Lockyer, the English astronomer, attempts to account for the extraordinary "sky glow" which have since September attracted so much attention. Mr. Lockyer argues that they are due to the presence of vast quantities of dust and ashes ejected during the August eruption of Java, and transported thence by the trade wind currents into the high northern latitudes. This hypothesis is regarded by many scientists as untenable.

The latest data given by European observers of the phenomenon rather confirm the view we originally advanced, that the "red" and "green" suns were the effects of an exceptional evaporation from the oceans and a consequent excess of aqueous vapor in the atmosphere over the northern hemisphere. If the widespread phenomenon is really due to this cause, it would seem to indicate that the northern continent may look for a season of unusually heavy precipitation of snow and rain, with some mitigation of intense polar cold.

In France it is proposed to punish by heavy fines and imprisonment for one to five years the person who imitates a signature or sign used by an artist, or puts the name of another artist to his own or other work of art. A Bill has been framed to this effect; it gives the painter the same protection at law now enjoyed by manufacturers.

The Chevalier Frederick Franchetti, engineer at Leghorn, says *Nature*, has referred M. de Parville to a curious passage in Galileo's "Dialogues," touching a possible early origin of the electric telegraph. In the dialogue Sagredo says that he calls to mind a man who wanted to tell him a secret which would give him the power by means of a certain sympathy of magnetized wires to speak to any one 2,000 or 3,000 miles off. The bargain, however, fell through, as the inventor would not try any shorter distance, and Sagredo declined to go to Cairo, Moscow, to try the experiment. The story is told in the last number of the *Revue Scientifique*.

Facts of Interest.

THE march of total abstinence in England has been interrupted for the moment by the farmers of Wiltshire. They have clubbed together and presented a purse of \$500 to the man who, a little while ago, proved that he could pitch more wheat with the aid of beer than an opponent who drank water.

OVER 2,703,000 persons paid to see the London Fisheries Exhibition, many of them paying half-a-crown for the sight. A large sum was also derived from the counter space let to exhibitors, while some thousands were obtained from the dining-rooms and drinking-bars. Taking the gate-money only at one shilling per head all over, and ignoring the other sources of income, it showed a total sum of \$675,760.

THE State of Wisconsin pays a bounty of fifteen cents to physicians for the return of every birth or death in their practice, but the doctors say the amount is insufficient to pay for the time and trouble to look up the facts required.

MISSOURI is to have a State Female College.

ENGLAND imported 366,000 head of cattle during the nine months ending October last.

THERE are at present thirty-eight total abstinents in the British House of Commons. In 1865 there were only two.

MISSISSIPPI has gained 100 per cent. in five years in manufacturing industries, having at this time \$7,000,000 invested in such enterprises.

THE oil belt of Wyoming is said to be twice as large as that of Pennsylvania, and a railroad is soon to be constructed through the district.

THE ragpickers of Paris are to be banished from the city, and the work of removing the dust heaps will be done more quickly and thoroughly by regular street-cleaners.

STATISTICS just issued by the Dutch Government show that an area of at least ninety-two thousand acres has been recovered from the sea during the last three centuries.

A RELIC of the Middle Ages still exists, and more-over flourishes, in Germany, on the banks of the Elbe, where a colony of Flemings was founded in the year 1300. The colonists from the very first kept to themselves and have never intermarried with the Germans among whom they live. All their old customs have been preserved; they still speak the ancient Flemish; they wear the Flemish costume of five centuries ago, and primogeniture is still in force among them.

A PATIENT in the German Hospital at Philadelphia lived four weeks with his throat cut from ear to ear. He was kept alive by liquid food received into his stomach through a tube.

THE natives of Madagascar have taken cleverly to the manufacture of firearms. They have accurately imitated the French mitrailleuse, and call the German engineer, who has shown them how to make dynamite, "Father Gunpowder."

THERE has not been a time in many years when there were so many ships in San Francisco harbor as there are now. Excluding whalers and coasters and those engaged in the Pacific islands and Mexican trade, there were at a recent date 156 ships and barks in port.

THE Eddystone light of the Pacific is to be erected on Seal Rock, St. George's reef, eight miles from the shore, opposite Crescent City, Cal., and will cost \$400,000. The highest point of Seal Rock is fifty-four feet above mean tide. The light will be one hundred feet higher.

EFFORTS are being made by the Catholics of Denver, Col., to make that city the seat of the largest Jesuit college in America. Twenty-five thousand dollars have already been subscribed towards a fund for the erection of the necessary buildings, and much more is promised under certain conditions.

In the course of a recent lecture in Baltimore on the subject of food and the markets in its relations to municipal hygiene, Dr. John S. Billings affirmed that fifty-three diphtheria epidemics, seven scarlet fever epidemics and twelve typhoid epidemics in England have been directly traced to the milk supply.

DURING the past four years Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana and Texas have doubled their railroad mileage.

THE Public Printer of the United States is at the head of the biggest printing establishment in the world, employing over 2,200 men and turning out annually about 200,000,000 blanks, envelopes, etc., 325,000 blank books and 12,000,000 pamphlets and books. He uses up every year about \$2,500,000.

Death-roll of the Week.

DECEMBER 23D.—In Florida Samuel Manning, for many years past the Treasurer of the New Jersey State Agricultural Society, in Zurich, Switzerland, John Syz, one of New York's well-known merchants twenty years ago, aged 60. DECEMBER 24TH.—In New York city, P. Fitzsimons, an old and respected citizen. DECEMBER 25TH.—In Newark, N. J., Beverly C. Sanders, well-known in Southern society, and formerly President of the Maryland Club of Baltimore, aged 76; in Morrisania, New York city, the Rev. Edwin Johnson, pastor of the Congregational Church, and contributor to various religious periodicals, aged 87. DECEMBER 26TH.—In New York city, Professor Benjamin N. Martin, of the University of the City of New York in New York city, aged 67; in Philadelphia, Pa., General Thomas L. Kane, a brother of Eliza Kane, the Arctic explorer, and Colonel of the famous Buck-tail Regiment of Pennsylvania during the Rebellion. DECEMBER 27TH.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Captain John Johnston, an old and well-known ocean steamship captain, aged 76; in New York city, John Fink, a well-known provision merchant and member of the Stock Exchange, aged 63; in New Orleans, La., Archbishop Perche, aged 78; in Paris, France, Jean Baptiste Ciceron Lesueur, the architect and member of the Institute, aged 89.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Chilean authorities have turned over the Peruvian postal system to the Peruvian Government.

—THE Philadelphia Association of Methodist Preachers has formally condemned the circulation of Sunday newspapers.

—THE Yuma Indians, on the Colorado, bury watermelons in the dry desert sand, and preserve them all winter, fresh and crisp.

—A BREADSTICK containing an Edison glow light, fed by a small waistcoat pocket battery, is sold for \$9 at Nuremberg, Germany.

—THE French Government has prohibited the importation of American pork until the Chambers finally pass upon the question.

—THE President of Mexico has ordered the establishment of offices throughout the republic for the redemption of nickel in silver.

—THE Upper House of the Prussian Diet has passed a resolution forbidding hunting on Sunday under penalty of heavy fines and imprisonment.

—GUTHRIE's skeleton, which is hidden in a private room of the Army Medical Museum, has been polished and bleached until it looks like an ivory figure.

—MR. PARNELL intends to summon a conference of the Irish Parliamentary Party for the 5th of February in Dublin, in order to concert a plan of campaign in the next session of Parliament.

—THEY have begun to enforce the "four-mile" liquor law in Tennessee. It is a virtual prohibition. As a result the river steamers are freighted with jugs of whisky for private consumers. One recently steamed away from Paducah with eight hundred jugs for distribution along the river bank.

—THE strike of the cotton weavers in Lancashire and the miners of Yorkshire, England, increases in proportions. Twenty-a thousand looms are idle in Blackburn, and fourteen thousand in Darwen and Padiham. At many places the operatives are accepting a reduction of five per cent. in their wages.

—THE death-roll of the Royal Society of London for the past year is cited as affording striking testimony of the longevity of scientific men. Out of twenty-one members who died, the youngest was fifty-five and the oldest was in his ninety-sixth year. There was one other nonagenarian, and of octogenarians there were nine.

—JUDGE TRAX, of the Supreme Court of New York, has followed in the lead of the courts of other States by deciding that a native of China cannot be naturalized unless he has declared his intention of becoming a citizen before the passage of the Act of May, 1882, excluding the Chinese from the privileges of immigration.

—THE sacred tank in which the Golden Temple of Amritsar, Northern India, is situated was lately cleaned out for the first time for several hundred years. The mud was carried off by the *ghats* of Hindoo society, and coolies and low-caste men were not allowed to touch it. Many Hindoo ladies and gentlemen daubed their rooms and bodies with the holy mud.

—THE assertion is made by the Rev. E. E. Hale, over his own signature, that public schools in Boston are closed by local school committees to give an opportunity for licensing liquor sellers. By Massachusetts law no saloon can be licensed within a given distance of a public school. By the opportune closing of one of the schools for a few days eleven saloons obtained a license, and then it was reopened.

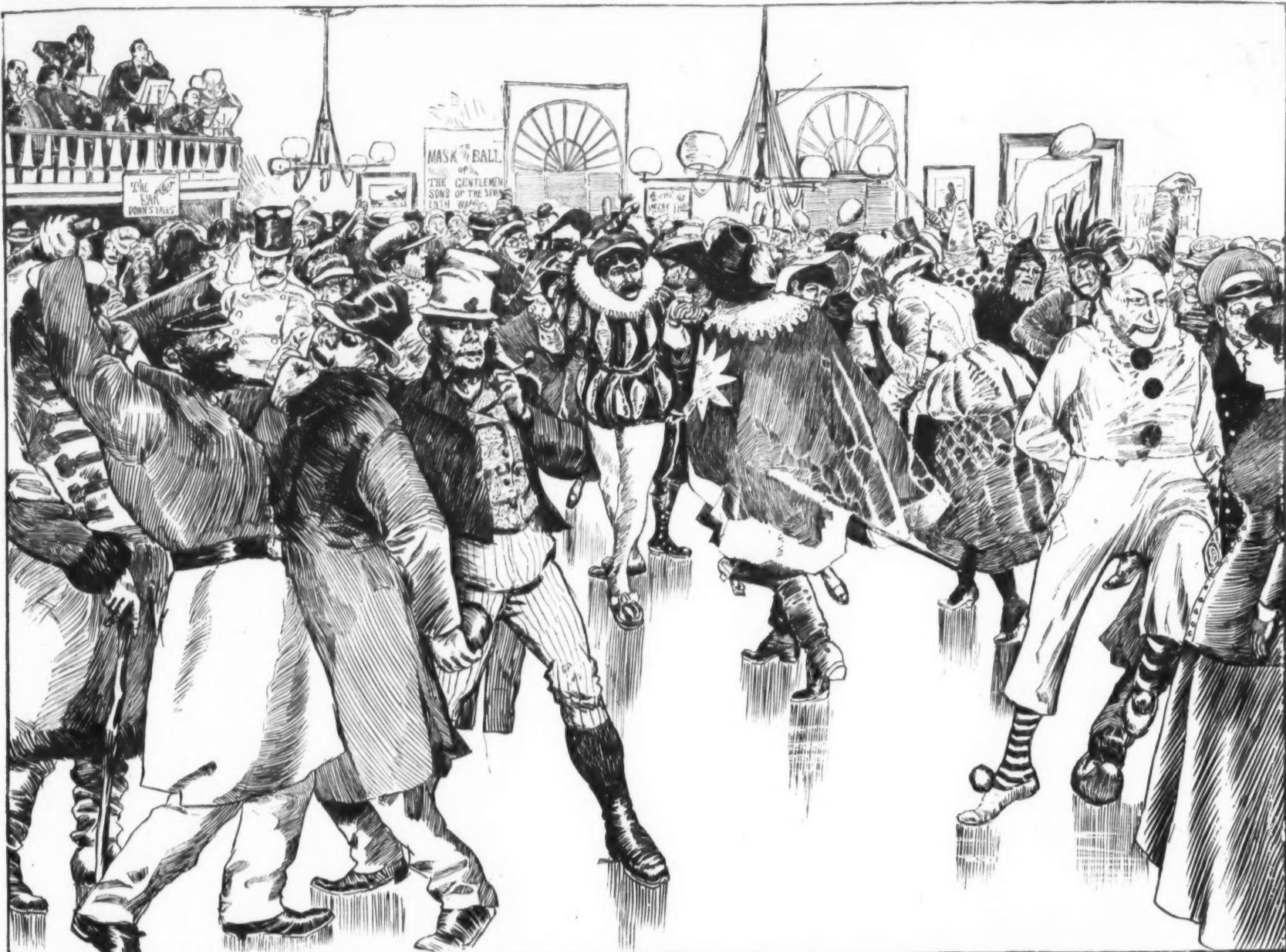
—THE miners in Westmoreland County, Pa., have raised a cry against the Hungarians who have settled among them which sounds painfully like the anti-Chinese cry of the Pacific Slope. They have issued a proclamation to whom it may concern, declaring that the Hungarians must go because they work for little, live on little, and yet save a little. Such conduct the other miners consider immoral in the last degree, and they do not intend to submit to it any longer.

—ADVISED from Peru say, in spite of many difficulties, General Iglesias continues to acquire adherents. The declaration of the Chilean President that he will carry out the treaty in its entirety has strengthened Iglesias very much. He has, however, the Indian trouble in the interior to contend with. Montero, it appears, resigned in favor of Caceres, who, now that he has become tired of inciting the Indians to murder, lust and robbery, is endeavoring to quell them in order to insure for himself a reputation among decent people in Lima. Montero has arrived at Buenos Ayres, en route for Germany, whither, for an internal disorder, he goes to seek relief in the baths.

—REPORTS are current in Washington that petty thefts have been discovered in the Treasury Department in the matter of the sale of *souvenirs*, which are made from the pulp obtained from the maceration of mutilated bank notes and legal tenders. The story is that there is a ring of employees which obtain possession of this pulp, has it secreted at the Treasury, and in the night manufacture the busts of Garfield and Lincoln, etc., which are sold to strangers; that these articles are taken out of the Treasury surreptitiously at night and carried to a large wholesale dealer, who sends them to all parts of the country, and that the profits from the sale of these articles are very considerable. The authorities are investigating the matter.

—A FEW days before Christmas ex-Mayor Charles Seidler distributed among the 3,000 men and women employed in the Lorillard factory at Jersey City a circular notifying them that the sum of \$16,500 would be distributed among them in proportion to their average earnings during the year. On the 24th instant the employees assembled in their respective departments, and the foreman in each handed them envelopes containing the gifts. The sums bestowed ran from \$4 to \$10 for the women and girls, and from \$6 to \$15 for the men and boys. Each envelope was stamped with the words, "Merry Christmas, with the compliments of P. Lorillard & Co." The amount actually paid out before the last employee had been served was \$17,500. The Lorillards began the system of thus contributing to their employees' Christmas cheer in 1882, and propose to continue it annually.

—THE report of Governor Crosby, of Montana, to the Secretary of the Interior gives some statistics showing the rapid growth of the stock-raising industry in that Territory. Last year the number of cattle in Montana was returned at 237,210, of the value of \$4,609,812. This year the same item figures at 475,000 head, valued at \$14,250,000. Last year the sheep were returned as numbering 362,776, of the value of \$1,618,124; this year at 700,000, of the value of \$2,100,000. The number of horses has increased in the year from 67,000 to 90,000, and in value from \$3,197,920 to \$6,787,000. The increase has not been more in quantity than in quality. The expenses of raising stock in Montana is as little as well can be in any part of the world. Very little shelter or feeding is found necessary, even in winter; the average loss is very light, rarely over five per cent.; and the annual profits are from twenty-five per cent. to fifty per cent.



NEW YORK CITY.—HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES ON THE EAST SIDE—A MASKED BALL—SEE PAGE 315.



VIRGINIA.—METHOD OF REMOVING SNOW FROM THE STREETS OF RICHMOND,
FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 315.

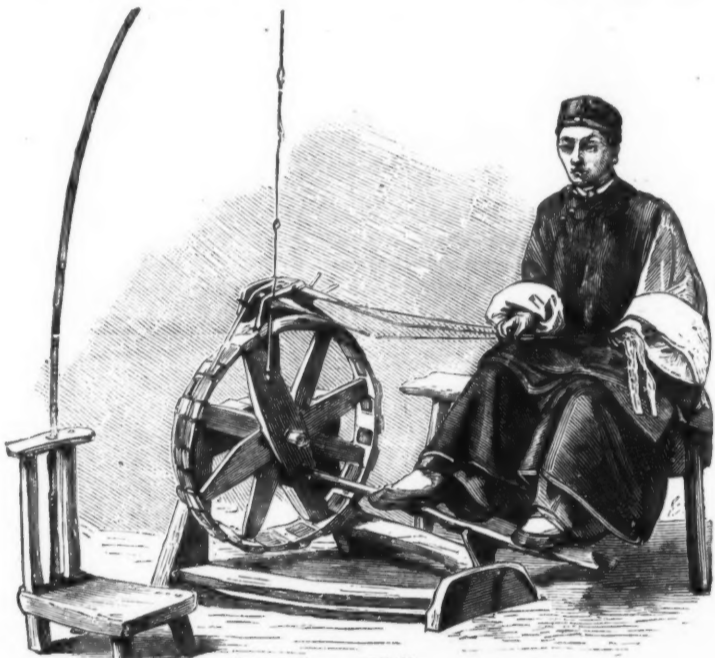


NEW YORK.—PROF. CHARLES F. DOWD, ORIGINATOR OF THE NEW TIME STANDARD.—SEE PAGE 315.

SKETCHES OF CHINESE LIFE.

WHILE China is not without some signs of progress, very many of her usages and methods are still notably primitive. This is especially the case as to the industrial methods of the people, of one of which we give an illustration on this page,

An old man of eighty-five, palsied and crippled, tottered feebly in; an old woman of seventy, in poor health, who had stood so long in the line that she was faint when she reached the table, had to be revived with a glass of water. Two poorly clad but pretty little girls, with a sick mother and a father out of work, took away a well-filled bag, and the



CHINA.—PRIMITIVE METHOD OF COTTON-SPINNING.

showing a Chinaman engaged in "cotton-spinning." In China there are not any spinning-jennies. All the cloth manufactured in the country, and all the thread used, pass through this primitive machine. The wheel is put in motion by the treadle, and as the fibre is twisted it winds itself upon the spindle: by a dexterous jerk of the foot the wheel is then reversed, and a fresh start made. Another illustration, on page 308, pictures an itinerant cook-shop. The hungry are summoned by the rattle of a stick, which the cook carries in his left hand, against the thick bamboo which is fastened along the edge of the front half of the establishment. In front is the stove, on which is placed an iron pan, wherein the various condiments are fried in oil. Below, on a framework, is the stock of wood for fuel. Above is the "dresser," containing bowls, cups, etc., and behind is the pantry, containing rice, fish, vegetables and soy, destined to tempt and satisfy the appetites of customers. For a few cash a hungry cooie can buy a bowl of well-cooked rice, with a piece of fish and some revolting-looking cabbage. Most likely the traveling cook keeps a little gambling-shop also, in which the prizes are dinners.

MOUNT RAINIER.

MOUNT RAINIER, some eight miles south of New Tacoma, on Puget Sound, is situated at the extremity of the Nesqueally Plains. Its height is 14,444 feet. Like Mount Hood, its summit is snow-clad, and its aspect and surroundings are extremely picturesque. The contrast afforded by the dark foliage of the pine forests renders the view peculiarly attractive to lovers of nature. Beautiful clear streams run amid the pine groves, from the dark nooks of which a disciple of Izaak Walton can draw fine trout, while in the season salmon leap and jump over the rocky obstructions with wild and impetuous efforts.

Our illustration is from an oil painting by Mr. Strauss, a San Francisco artist. The picture of Mount Rainier is in the possession of T. F. Oakes, Vice-president of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

JUSTICE STECKLER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT TO THE POOR.

A PRACTICAL exhibition of the Christmas spirit was given on Christmas Eve by Justice Alfred Steckler, of the Fourth Judicial District of New York city, when he distributed to the deserving poor of the district some thirty barrels of turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens, at the rooms of the Steckler Association, No. 83 East Fourth Street. This thoughtful charity was not confined to any creed, denomination, or nationality. Lists of the needy

and deserving were made up at the Justice's request by the clergymen of the district and the Superintendent of the Out-door Poor, and upon the basis of these lists tickets were distributed which entitled the holders to a share in the bounty. Long before the hour fixed for the distribution the street in the vicinity of the Association rooms was crowded with a throng of expectant men and women, and for hours afterwards the scene was full of animation and picturesque effects. Within the scene was scarcely less effective. The back parlor and the partition to the rear of that were filled with the barrels of poultry. Behind a small table, which blocked the entrance to the partition, stood Justice Steckler; in front of it stood his two brothers, Charles and Louis. As fast as a person was admitted he handed his ticket to one of the latter, and after it was found to be correct, the Justice himself handed the applicant his gift. The turkeys given out averaged eight pounds apiece, often weighing as much as ten. Many pathetic cases were presented. At one time three blind old basket-makers, led by a boy, came in together. A little boy, who "had read of it in the paper," brought in his old mother, a blind peddler. Occasionally a man would present himself who was out of work and had a sick wife, or a woman with a dying husband told her sad story. Ninety-nine out of every hundred were widows, some with from two to four children, while many repeated the oft-told story that they were "ganz alleine"—with not a chick or a child as a prop in their declining years. The applicants were mostly Irish and German, and as a rule they were truthful in their answers.



NEW YORK CITY.—DISTRIBUTION OF POULTRY TO THE POOR OF THE FOURTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT BY JUSTICE ALFRED STECKLER ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

Justice added a gift of money, as he did in some other cases of peculiar hardship. A gateman of the elevated road came in full uniform and presented a ticket. He had a wife and five children, which he tries to support on \$1.25 a day. His pastor recommended him as very worthy. "Give him the biggest turkey," said Justice Steckler. "One dollar and a quarter a day is entirely inadequate for a man like that." In all, some 900 persons were secured a substantial Christmas dinner by Justice Steckler's generosity, and it is quite certain that his own Christmas was none the less cheery because of his remembrance of those to whom fortune had been less kindly than to himself.

THEATRE-GOING IN PARIS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Courier writes: "A great many Americans who have never been in Paris imagine that, as it is the home and centre of dramatic art, the theatres themselves and everything connected with them are perfect. This is one of the popular illusions that need be dispelled. All the theatres, except the Eden, are stuffy and uncomfortable, and getting your ticket and going through the necessary formalities before you reach your seat are sufficient to deter many people from ever attending a performance. To begin at the beginning, when you go to buy your ticket you find

yourself not before a good-sized window where you can converse intelligently with the ticket-seller; on the contrary, most of the ticket-offices are cramped-up little places, and the window, or rather the opening across which you must make your wants known, is a little aperture often not more than ten inches square. If this so-called window were on a level with your elbow you might get on passably well, but it is usually on a line with your stomach, and to carry on your conversation it is necessary to bend over painfully low.

The ticket-seller is usually a woman—the *burlesque*, as she is called—and, as a rule, she is no longer at an age that inspires any tender passion. On the contrary, most of these *burlesques* have been so long in office that they believe themselves to be the veritable managers of the theatre. Directors, actors and authors fear them much more than they fear the public. The *burlesque's* reply to your questions is generally very short, and not always sweet, and I sometimes think that the little windows were made expressly to keep the ticket-seller at a safe distance from her purchaser.

If you succeed in getting a ticket you will receive not the convenient little bit of pasteboard so familiar to America, with the date and hour of performance, but a large square piece of paper with your name, number of seat, and, if the play is given every night, number of the performance written thereon. Thus, if you purchase a seat for the fifteenth representation of a piece, you must keep a



WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—VIEW OF MOUNT RAINIER, EIGHT MILES SOUTH OF NEW TACOMA.

FROM A PAINTING JUST COMPLETED BY STRAUSS.

lookout to see when that fifteenth performance takes place. At many of the theatres you get no check attached to your ticket; the number is simply written on, and when you arrive at the theatre your ticket is taken up and you are placed by an usher. To finish with the ticket, if it costs you more than ten francs it must have a government stamp, for which you pay two cents.

THE NEW AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street is the only up-town institution of its kind, and will supply an actual want in a great metropolitan district, containing over half a million population. The direction of the bank is in strong and competent hands, and its success must be unquestioned. The full list of its trustees appears in another column.

FUN.

THE Salvation Army in Philadelphia wants "Sixty thousand Christians to vote as they pray." But hold on; that would be as often as twice a week, wouldn't it?

THE poet who wrote "the child is father to the man" was somewhat disconcerted when a practical friend asked him how the case would be in the event of the child being a girl.

"Do you know why you and George remind me of two shades of one color?" asked a young lady of a companion, who had been engaged for many years. "No," was the reply. "I'll tell you, then; it's because you don't match."

HOLD on to the truth, for it will serve you well and do you good through eternity. Hold on to virtue; it is beyond price to you at all times and places. Hold on to DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP, for there is nothing like it to cure a cough or cold.

At an entertainment held recently in London it is said that the Princess of Wales wore the plainest dress of any one of the ladies present. She displayed excellent good sense. It doesn't look well for a wife to be slashing around in fine clothes, with her husband \$3,000,000 in debt.

SIR ROBERT CHRISTISON,

BARONET, M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., Physician to Her Majesty the Queen, President Royal British Association, Professor at the University of Edinburgh, etc., etc., says:

"The properties of this wonderful plant (the Coca) are the most remarkable of any known to the medical world. From repeated personal trials, I am convinced that its use is highly beneficial and tonic."

PROFESSOR DUNCAN CAMPBELL, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., President Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Member General Council University of Edinburgh, etc., etc., says: "Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic has more than realized my expectations."

PROFESSOR JOHN M. CARNOCHAN, M.D., Surgeon-in-Chief N. Y. State Hospitals, Professor Surgery N. Y. Medical College, ex-Health Officer, Port of New York, etc., says: "My patients derived marked and decided benefit from the Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic."

PROFESSOR F. W. HUNT, M.D., LL.D., Honorary Member Imperial Medical Society of St. Petersburg, Russia, Professor of Practice of Medicine, etc., etc., says: "Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic is far superior to the fashionable and illusive preparations of beef, wine and iron."

PROFESSOR H. GOULLON, M.D., LL.D., Physician to the Grand Duke of Saxony, Knight of the Iron Cross, etc., etc., says: "It gives more tone than anything I have ever prescribed."

It is invaluable in Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Liver Affections.

PROFESSOR C. A. BRYCE, M.D., LL.D., editor Southern Clinic, says: "Really a wonderful reconstructive agent, building up the system and supplying lost nervous energy. For broken down constitutions it is the agent."

PROFESSOR H. R. BENNETT, of Fitchburg, President Massachusetts Surgical Society, says: "The best tonic to build up a broken-down constitution from long-standing womb diseases is Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic."

It is invaluable in all forms of debility, nervous affections, nervous and sick headache, piles, neuralgia and catarrh.

For indorsements and opinions of hundreds of the most distinguished physicians, irrespective of school, see our circulars.

Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic is also valuable in Malaria, Fever and Ague, Chronic Coughs, Kidney Affections, Asthma, Female Irregularities and Sufferings, Palpitation and Weakness of the Heart, Scrofulous Eruptions, Infirmities of Old Age, etc.

The American Homoeopathic Observer says: "Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic certainly merits all the praise it is receiving."

The St. Louis Clinical Review says: "We desire to call the attention of the profession to the reliability of the preparations manufactured by the Liebig Company, and to the high character of the indorsements accorded to this celebrated firm by leading physicians and medical journals of all schools."

The American Homoeopathic Observer says: "The Liebig Co.'s preparations should not be confounded with any patent nostrums. They are legitimate pharmaceutical products, and worthy of the recommendations bestowed upon them by both homoeopathic and allopathic journals."

PROFESSOR J. C. LEHARDY, M.D., President State Medical Society of Georgia, Member Athenae Royal de Bruxelles, etc., etc., says: "The results obtained by me from its use in my practice are indeed flattering."

It embodies the nutritive elements of the muscular fibre, blood, bones and brains of carefully selected healthy bullocks, dissolved in a guaranteed quality of sherry, and combined with the Coca (which is recognized as the most powerful tonic known) and other valuable invigorating ingredients. It will reconstruct the most shattered and enfeebled, reinvigorate the aged and infirm, and infuse new vitality into sickly children and infants.

The Journal of the Royal Society of Vienna says: "It is remarkable that the South American Indians never suffer from consumption, and that the cause of it is the use of Coca. They also never suffer with scrofulous, skin diseases, or caries of the teeth. They reach a very old age, and frequently pass their full century."

PROFESSOR WILLIAM C. RICHARDSON, M.D., Dean of St. Louis, Mo., Clinic of Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children, says: "To children with marasmus I have given it with decided benefit. It is a remedy of great utility in dyspepsia. It is also a most powerful and agreeable stimulant to the brain and nervous system, and it is especially useful to counteract fatigue of mind and body."

DR. TUTHILL MASSEY, M.D., L.R.C.P., M.B.H.S., of Manchester, England, says: "The effect is something wonderful. From being depressed and very low spirited, easily tired, I can now walk any length of time without feeling fatigue. Before taking the Coca Beef Tonic my nerves seemed so unstrung that when I read a pathetic tale I could not refrain from becoming very much affected, although I tried hard to overcome the absurd feeling. Now I am myself again."

TO THE LIEBIG COMPANY: DEDHAM, Mo. Gentlemen—Your agent left me a bottle of your Coca Beef Tonic. I took it myself, as I had been sick for a number of months with a lung affection, and was not able to practice. It helped me very much. So much so that I am now about as well as usual. I

have since given it to a number of patients, and it has benefited every case. I am indeed most thankful that it came to my hands. I had tried different preparations of Coca before, but had no effects from them.

H. S. PHENIX, M.D. PROFESSOR C. H. WILKINSON, Editor Medical and Surgical Record, says: "The Coca Beef Tonic of the Liebig Company, combined as it is with Coca, quinine and iron, forms a most valuable adjunct to the practice of medicine. From the experience we have had with it, we are forced to speak in its favor and to recommend its use. Beef, iron and quinine cannot be surpassed by any other three ingredients in or out of the dispensary for invigorating an enfeebled system, and when such remedies can be obtained combined from so reliable a house as Liebig's, it behooves the profession to patronize the same to the fullest extent."

From an article on the Coca by W. S. Searle, A. M., M.D., of Brooklyn, Fellow of Medical-Chirurgical Society of New York, etc., etc.

It is a useful tonic in nervous prostration, hysteria and melancholy. In sustaining nervous force it is superior to all known agents. I have advised its use to a large number and variety of persons for various conditions, and the great majority have found benefit from its employment. To a sufferer from nervous dyspepsia, a lady seventy-three years of age, who had become reduced to a diet of lightly cooked meat and bread, and who for three years had not had a movement of the bowels without the aid of enemata, I prescribed it. Within three days she was able to return to ordinary food, and though two years have passed, she has not failed to have a regular and normal evacuation daily. A lady who had for years suffered from nervous asthma, and who had been compelled to go up stairs slowly and with frequent rests, found great relief from the very first dose. A broker who had been subjected to excessive nervous strain, and was in consequence unable to sleep or eat well, was becoming very weak and emaciated. He greatly feared he would be obliged to relinquish business for a period of entire rest. All his symptoms were immediately cured, and he went on with his affairs as usual. A lady, aged fifty-five, has diabetes. Since taking Coca with her meals she has improved wonderfully, being almost entirely relieved of her former "sinking spells," thirst and constipation. A lady suffered for thirteen years with severe nervous headaches. They at first occurred every two weeks, and finally every two days. She describes them as so violent that she would rather die than live. Three weeks after beginning the Coca she reports: "I have had but one slight attack, and I am so much stronger and better that I feel sure I shall be cured." Many instances of nervous headache, neurasthenia and neuralgia have been reported to me as cured by the Coca when all the usual narcotics, tonics and anodynes have failed to afford relief.

132 HENRY STREET, BROOKLYN. TO THE LIEBIG COMPANY: Your preparation of Coca is the best I have ever seen.

W. S. SEARLE, M.D.

WHAT IS COCA? The first reply is that it is NOT COCOA. COMMODORE GIBBON (United States Exploring Expedition of the Amazon) says: "The Coca has properties so marvelous that it enables the Indians, without any other nourishment the while, to perform forced marches of five or six days. It is so bracing, stimulant and tonic that by the use of it alone they will perform journeys of 300 miles without appearing in the least fatigued."

PROFESSOR GRAZIELLA, of the Royal University of Seville, says: "Coca seems to prolong life; longevity among its users is the rule, and not, as with us, the exception. They are also freer from disease."

PROFESSOR J. J. VAN THUDI ("Travels in Peru") says: "Setting aside all extravagant and visionary notions, I am clearly of the opinion that the use of Coca is very conducive to health and longevity. In support of this conclusion, I may refer to the numerous examples of longevity among Indians, who, from boyhood, have been in the habit of masticating Coca three times a day. Cases are not unfrequent of Indians attaining the great age of 130 years, and these men, at the ordinary rate of consumption, must, in the course of their lives, have chewed not less than 2,100 pounds of the leaf, and retained the most perfect health and vigor."

I tried Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic in a number of cases of chronic dyspepsia where the assimilation of food was very defective and there was steady loss of weight. The results obtained in two weeks were, indeed, flattering. One patient gained five pounds, another three pounds, and so on.

J. C. LEHARDY, M.D., Savannah, President Med. Society of Georgia, etc., etc.

PREPARED ONLY BY THE LIEBIG LABORATORY & CHEMICAL WORKS CO., MANUFACTURERS OF CHEMISTS, NEW YORK, PARIS AND LONDON. NEW YORK DEPOT, 38 MURRAY ST.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

WILL SAVE THE HAIR.

And keep it in a strong and healthy condition, because it will stimulate the roots of the hair, and restore the natural action upon which its growth depends.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are absolutely pure.

In the pipe BLACKWELL'S DURHAM LONG CUT TOBACCO is even more luxurious than in the cigarette, for then it is a fuller smoke, its flavors are longer drawn, and its fragrant play around you like odors in a garden of lilies.

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, ANGSTURA BITTERS will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

Don't die in the house. "ROUGH ON RATS" clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bedbugs. 15c.

TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS.

You are often troubled with hoarseness which affects the voice. It need not be so if you use Dr. Tobias's PULMONIC LIFE SYRUP: It will cure you. No injurious ingredients are in it; \$1,000 will be paid if it injures an infant.

The Hon. Henry C. Kelsey, Secretary of State, New Jersey, writes: "I have used your Syrup with great benefit for a pulmonary complaint."

Mrs. A. N. Van Buren, of Marion Avenue, Fordham, states that it is the best remedy for hoarseness or a cough that she ever tried, and will never be without it.

"Dr. Tobias: I have used on myself and in my family for years your Pulmonic Life Syrup. It has never failed to cure. I believe it is the best medicine for throat diseases ever sold. I am acquainted with the ingredients of which it is composed, and know them to be perfectly harmless."

"C. H. GALLAGHER, 935 De Kalb Ave."

"Brooklyn, April 21, 1883."

FROM THE REV. DR. FEIGL.

"I have used your Pulmonic Life Syrup for years with great benefit; in fact, I cannot preach without it."

I. P. FEIGL, D.D., 1173 Third Ave."

"New York, July 14, 1883."

Price, 50 cents, in large bottles. Depot, 42 Murray St. The money refunded on the return of the empty bottle if any one is dissatisfied with it.—Adv.

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP," for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation; tasteless; etc.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

IMITATIONS and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

HALFORD SAUCE blends admirably with all gravies.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

SYMPER & Co., at Nos. 739 and 741 Broadway, are now offering for home adornment rare old Tapestries, Marbles, Bronzes, Sevres, Dresden, Berlin, and Oriental Porcelain, gems of cabinet-work, and a large line of Silverware, suitable for wedding and other gifts.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS," 25c., 50c., \$1, at druggists. Complete cure Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat.

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THE GREAT SKIN CURE



TO cleanse the Skin, Scalp and Blood of Itching, Scaly, Pimply, Scrofulous, Inherited and Contagious Humors, Blood Poisons, Ulcers, Abscesses, and Infantile Skin Disorders, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, Diuretic and Aperient, expels disease germs from the blood and perspiration, and thus removes the cause. CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, restores the complexion. CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, and for rough, chapped or greasy skin, blackheads, blotches and baby humors. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood purifiers and skin beautifiers. Sold by all druggists. CUTICURA, 50 cents; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25 cents. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

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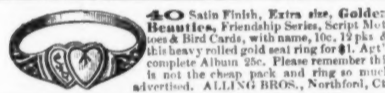
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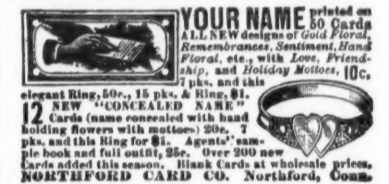
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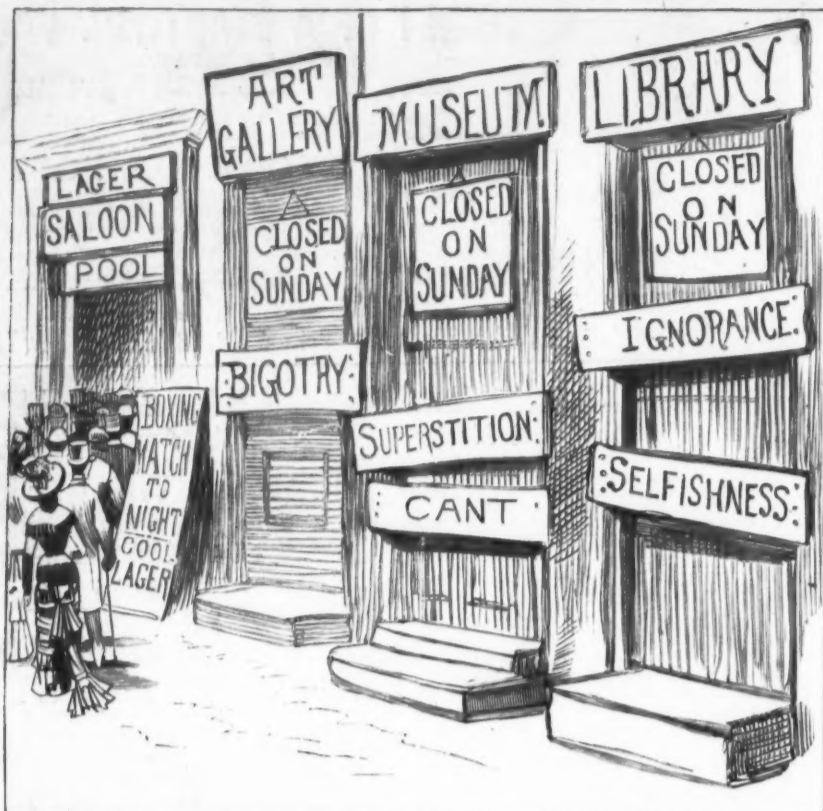
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